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Tucson, Arizona
JULY 4 1942
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- I. Hitler Prepares for German Civil War
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By William Bradford Huie

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Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscriptions, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1942, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered

as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. All rights reserved. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

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The American MERCURY

THE SITUATION INSIDE GERMANY

THE AMERICAN MERCURY presents two vital articles bearing on conditions within the Nazi homeland. We do so with the sober caution to readers that there is no warrant for excessive optimism. The first article, as Dr. Brandt emphasizes, indicates how thoroughly Hitler has prepared to crush internal opposition, high or low. The second, it should be remembered, is a letter written by a passionate anti-Nazi to his political chief abroad. Its enthusiasm should perhaps be discounted accordingly.

NEVERTHELESS, the articles do foreshadow the coming civil conflict within Germany. They do not provide the faintest excuse for relaxing the war effort of the United Nations — on the contrary, they attest to the need for striking and striking hard on the foreign fronts now that the Hitler régime seems on the defensive on its home fronts.

HITLER PREPARES FOR GERMAN CIVIL WAR

BY ALBERT A. BRANDT

THOSE who are too sanguine about a popular German uprising against the Nazis should be reminded that Hitler and his associates have long been trigger-ready for such an eventuality. Rarely in history has a government made such elaborate and meticulous preparations for the suppression of domestic rebellion. The National Socialist régime has geared for

large-scale military operations on the home front with the same diabolical thoroughness which has marked its military campaigns abroad. Hitler's terror State was born in violence and has lived by violence; from the outset, it has foreseen the possible threat of a violent overthrow and has acted to meet it head-on.

Indeed, the preparations for an

all-out offensive against the German people have been outlined in a frank, cold-blooded document which can best be described as a blueprint for civil war. It was drawn up by Heinrich Himmler, generalissimo of the dreaded *Schwarze Korps*, Adolf Hitler's blackshirted SS Elite Guard. It was presented by Himmler personally, in September 1937, to a carefully selected group of Army officers, in a statement of program clumsily titled "Official Report of the Reichsführer of the SS Concerning the Preparations in Germany to Forestall Possible Unrest in Case of War."

Despite Himmler's precautions, the document fell into anti-Nazi hands and was smuggled out of the country. The blueprint for civil war was published on February 26, 1937, by a German-language weekly in Karlsbad, Czechoslovakia, the *Neuer Vorwärts*. German diplomatic pressure forced the withdrawal of the issue almost immediately after it came off the press, with the result that the plans have not received the attention they merit. The Himmler blueprint is before me as I write. It adds up to nothing less than a scheme for occupying Germany as though it were a hostile foreign nation.

Alluding to the war that was sure to come, Himmler told the

Army leaders that they must count on four arenas of combat: "We will have not only the Army front on land, the Navy front at sea, the Luftwaffe front in the air — but we will have a fourth theatre of war: Inner Germany!" *Kriegsschauplatz Innerdeutschland* is the literal phrase that he used.

Measures for safety on the home front since that time should not be accepted by over-optimistic foreigners as haphazard expressions of panic. They are deliberate and long-range. They have been consistent with the blueprint. Their recent intensification is no doubt proof that the Nazi leaders regard the possibility as more real, now that the war has been prolonged far beyond their hopes and the Russian adventure has proved so costly. But it is also a warning that it would be foolhardy to count on a knockout blow against the Nazis on their home front. The decision remains to be scored outside Germany, by the armed forces of the United Nations.

For the first time since the war started, the Führer, in his speech of April 24 this year, admitted by inference not only the possibility of German defeat, but the possibility that attempts may be made to challenge Nazi supremacy inside his Reich. He hinted darkly at com-

ing purges and warned, in effect, that the Nazi Party was ready for anything.

The removal, just one month later, of Walther Darré, Nazi Food Minister and long-time associate of Hitler, may well signalize the beginning of that purge. Other sudden "leaves of absence" and "retirements for reasons of health" may be safely anticipated. At the same time, the news has percolated to the outside world that German industrial leaders are being purged. One of the formerly "untouchable" barons of industry, Heinrich Koppenberg, manager of the celebrated Junkers airplane works at Dessau, is among the first victims. Koppenberg declined to accept any responsibility for maintaining, let alone increasing, production in his factories "because the entire plant at Dessau is worn out and almost useless."

These are no more than straws in the wind. It is significant that recently Hitler has begun to address his orders-of-the-day not merely to the Army but most emphatically "to the soldiers of the Army *and the SS*." Anyone at all familiar with the character of his Elite Guard and its strained relations with the regular Army knows what this means. It is a continual caution to all whom it

might concern that the Führer possesses a private army which can and will, if need be, maintain public order in Germany itself and checkmate any possible insubordination on the part of Army leaders.

It is against this background that we must view the stepped-up preparations for civil war.

II

Fifty divisions of the *Schwarze Korps* have been stationed at all strategic points through the length and breadth of the Reich, ready at a moment's notice to quench in blood any sparks of incipient revolt. These death's-head formations — so called because of the skull insignia on their uniforms and caps — have their orders in minutest detail. They have been trained to unquestioning obedience and to pride in utter ruthlessness.

Every important figure of the Nazi hierarchy has been surrounded by a group of these SS bodyguards — not alone for his protection but for his instant destruction if he shows the slightest symptom of heresy or deviation from duty to Hitler and Hitler's Reich.

In cities and towns, large and small, buildings commanding vital street intersections have been taken

over as tactical points from which machine-guns and cannon could rake any mob that dared approach. In other sections, strategically located attics, rooftops and cellars have been set aside for a similar purpose.

Nazi *Blockwarte* — block wardens — have been instructed to prepare detailed dossiers on every person living within their areas. They have also listed every window, every doorway, every dormer and every cellar which might be of operational advantage. Arms and ammunition have been deposited in secret cachés entrusted to the care of completely reliable local Nazi “activists.” The *Blockwarte* has in his possession passkeys to all homes, shops and other structures in his section, so that they can be entered without delay any minute of the day or night. Not even the blitzkrieg on Poland was more carefully plotted than the projected blitzkrieg on the German people.

The number of people arrested and punished for “rumor-mongering,” “slandering the Führer and the Party,” and “spreading enemy propaganda reports” has grown from week to week. The punishments meted out have become increasingly drastic. Several dozens have been summarily executed on

the vague yet telltale accusation of being *Volkschädlinge* — enemies of the people.

Even more indicative of the growing mood of discontent — and the official awareness of it — is the growing number of warnings, in the press and on the radio, against “outhouse rumors,” “plutocratic and communistic lies,” and “criminal whisperings” which endanger the German war effort. Counter-measures have, since the beginning of the year, been carried to the point where persons seen talking together on the street are frequently summoned and interrogated separately about their conversation. The slightest discrepancy in their statements often has serious consequences.

From underground sources, it is known specifically that in the last few months old concentration camps have been strengthened and enlarged and new ones have been built. Thus the infamous hell-holes of Dachau, Sachsenhausen and Lichtenberg have been made ready to receive additional thousands of victims at a moment’s notice. The biggest of the new camps is Sachsenburg, in Saxony, still unoccupied but fully equipped to accommodate more than one hundred thousand people.

Large numbers of small, fast

armored cars have recently made their appearance on the streets of cities and towns. These sturdy cars — apparently modeled on the American Army jeeps — carry four heavily-armed SS men, and can make more than sixty miles an hour. Their sudden appearance has been officially explained as a form of training for the occupation by SS and other supposedly nonmilitary formations of territory which the Army will conquer this summer. It is no secret to the population, all the same, that this equipment and this show of force belong to Himmler's *Kriegsschauplatz Innerdeutschland*.

At its last gathering, the Reichstag unanimously gave Hitler the right, over and above all existing laws or decrees, to use any means to compel officers, soldiers, officials, judges or other Germans to do their duty. Since he already possessed all that power — legally and extra-legally — the Reichstag gesture had one specific purpose: to serve as a reminder that there will be neither restraint nor squeamishness in dealing with any manifestation of doubt or hostility.

Commenting on this new "law," a London source declared: "The only reason for an action of this extraordinary sort must be that Hitler and his gang, including

Heinrich Himmler, the chief of the Gestapo, fear civilian disturbances and are taking measures to deal with them." The truth, though, is that Hitler, Himmler and the rest have long ago passed the stage of "fearing" such disturbances. They have actually been expecting them and are simply putting the finishing touches to a plan of campaign for overcoming their own people.

It is interesting to note that the plan for the home front was drafted originally not only with the consent of the *Wehrmacht*, but actually at the insistence of Army leaders. When the top-ranking Army generals, as early as 1935, became aware of the grandiose schemes of world conquest shaping up in the minds of Nazi geopoliticians, they were willing to play along. What they insisted upon, however, was that the Nazi Party take direct responsibility for quelling any possible uprising at home in the event their ambitious schemes of military aggression abroad did not work out according to schedule.

Long before the advent of Hitler, Army leaders had propagated the myth of the *Dolchstoß in den Rücken*, the stab in the back, to explain Germany's defeat. It was a convenient alibi for themselves and one that fitted German men-

talities to a T. The fact that revolution at home followed rather than preceded the débâcle at the front was not allowed to spoil the fairy tale. This patriotic legend was a fundamental part of the hand-tooled Nazi history. The Hitler group, therefore, readily accepted Army suggestions regarding protection of the home front and quickly went to work laying the groundwork for civil war.

III

To understand the preparations, we must consider the special army built and trained and equipped, physically and psychologically, for this specific task. Hitler's black-shirted Elite Guard, commonly known as the *Schutzstaffel* (hence the SS) or Protective Squadron, must be regarded essentially as the military force for civil conflict.

Founded as early as 1923 to act as a Praetorian Guard for Hitler and other National Socialist leaders, this squadron has grown until today, at the apex of its power and importance, it is a private army in excess of half a million carefully selected fanatics. Largely recruited from the ranks of the Hitler Youth, this force comprises what is without doubt the most thoroughly trained, most deliberately

cruel body of young men ever assembled.

Educated to absolute obedience to and worship of the Führer, the member of the Hitler Youth does not belong to his parents, nor even to himself. He belongs to the State, in the special sense of belonging to its embodiment in Adolf Hitler. The mythical elements of the "blood and soil" slogan and the "leadership principle" are used with scientific precision to mesmerize the sensitive, untutored youth until the sacrifice of life itself in the service of the Führer becomes a kind of mystical experience of joy.

And it is from this reservoir of human material that those deemed worthy of joining the SS are selected. All aspirants, of course, must be of "pure Aryan blood" and able to trace it back for many generations. They must be six feet or more tall, physically flawless and no less flawless in their Nazi faith. By and large, they have been recruited from the middle classes, the sons of workers rarely rising above the level of the brown-shirted SA men, the *Sturmabteilungen* or storm-troopers.

Führer befehl, wir folgen! — Führer command, we obey! — is the beginning and the end of the SS code. SS men are taught that no act is brutal or shameful if it is

carried out in obedience to Hitler. On the contrary, the more horrifying it is in the ordinary sense, the more glorious it is from the "higher" Nazi point of view. They are not considered fit unless they are willing unhesitatingly to kill or torture their own brother or father or mother at the behest of the Party.

Once inducted into the ranks of the SS, the young fanatics are given ever sterner tasks to test and harden their mettle and to improve their techniques of calculated ruthlessness. They begin with lowly tasks, such as arresting suspects and attempting to wrest information from them. They are given opportunities to develop skill in the arts of search and seizure. Later, they are graduated to the examination of recalcitrants who must be cured of stubbornness with systematic beatings and torture. Postgraduate work begins with assignments to guard duty in concentration camps; and again, the toughening process is graded, from service in camps where discipline is relatively mild to those where the outlets for sadistic inventiveness are very ample.

Since the occupation of Austria and Czechoslovakia and the beginning of the war, the final step in the education of SS men has been

assignment to conquered areas, especially Poland and Serbia, where there is no dearth of opportunity for cruelty under conditions of great personal danger. People recently returned from Nazi-occupied areas report the presence of a growing number of strapping young Germans, in mufti and in blackshirt uniforms. These are obviously undergoing their final course in practical torture of Czechs, Poles, Jews, Serbs or Russians — to qualify for the greater task ahead in suppressing revolt inside Germany.

The whole routine of training is in harmony with Himmler's blueprint. In that document, he prescribed that SS men be stationed far away from their own homes — Bavarians to be sent to East Prussia or Hamburg, natives of Königsberg to Stuttgart or Vienna, etc., thereby minimizing the danger of sentimental brakes on strong-arm action. Nor are they to be permitted to stay too long in any given place, so that no local attachments might dull the fine point of their *Schrecklichkeit*.

The latest addition to the ranks of the SS is the so-called *Waffen SS*, of around one hundred thousand men. It is a sort of super-espionage formation to watch the political morals of "unstable" or suspected

elements in the Army. One report has it that a special Air SS is planned for surveillance of the *Luftwaffe* personnel. And on top of the heap, the chosen of the chosen SS, stands the *Leibstandarte*, Hitler's personal bodyguard.

In estimating the chances of a successful rebellion, moreover, it is well to curb optimism by reference to other repressive groups which figure in the plan for civil war. Under the direction of the SS and ready to act on its orders are the *Schutzpolizei* (called *Schupo* for short by the populace) — police formations entrusted with keeping public order, guarding buildings and other domestic chores. Then there are the *Sipo* or *Sicherheitspolizei* (security police), trained by SS officers and taking SS orders. Finally, there is the notorious Gestapo, the Secret State Police, embodying the quintessence of totalitarian terror. Combined, these police groupings provide the SS with an auxiliary of at least two hundred thousand men, every one of them expertly prepared for his rôle in a civil war.

Year after year, since the Nazis seized power, the police organizations carried over from the previous régime have been weeded of older men who might retain sympathies for the past. The same

weeding has taken place in fire guard and railway services. Everywhere, the doubtful have been replaced with younger men indoctrinated by the Nazis. Directly and indirectly, the private Nazi army for the home front has thus been reinforced with co-operative task forces.

In short, the Hitler State is fully prepared, and now decidedly on the alert, for the war of brother against brother.

The destined commander-in-chief of the Theatre of War of Inner Germany is Heinrich Himmler, sinister leader who heads both the SS and the Gestapo. It was he who drew up the blueprint for civil war, he who has implemented it. A former schoolteacher and one of Hitler's earliest disciples of beerhall *putsch* fame, he is, after Hitler, Germany's most powerful, most hated and most feared man. His entire unsavory career seems to have shaped up toward a preordained climax of civil war. Cold, incredibly brutal, a genius at organization, Himmler has an uncanny intuition for discovering men who share his qualities. It was Himmler who prepared the list for Hitler's first great blood purge, in June of 1934, which killed off General von Schleicher, Captain Roehm and hundreds of other prominent Nazis.

The unholy zeal and blood-lust of this man are the driving forces behind preparations for the greater purge still to come — the purge by civil war.

The portents of inner opposition on a mass scale are many and impressive. Should German military fortunes take a sharp turn for the

worse, these portents may turn into grim realities. Certainly, the Nazi rulers are proceeding on that expectation. Common sense and political discretion, however, suggest that anti-Nazis abroad recognize the magnitude and perfection of the counter-forces before jumping to wishful thinking conclusions about the outcome of a civil uprising.

LETTER FROM A GERMAN OFFICER¹

DEAR DOCTOR:

You will be pleased, I am sure, to receive once more a message from me; for over a year, I have had no opportunity to send you word. Like most of us, I was at the Eastern front, and now, thanks to a "home-wound," I am back in Germany. Here I have found the old channel of getting in touch with you quite intact.

Since I can well understand your eagerness for a clear report and have reasonable confidence in the safety of our system of communication, I want to tell you in some detail not only about the front, but also about the home situation as I find it late in March of 1942.

About our general military situation, you are, I assume, better informed than we are. We can only see our own regiment — or at best, the area of our division. This enables us to reach inferential conclusions as to the Army morale and spirit, rather than to judge its strategic position and prospects.

I can tell you that we went through a most horrible winter, particularly because it seemed to overtake us so suddenly and put a quick end to our hopes of peace in the East. Our losses in the summer and autumn offensive operations of last year were heavy, but — as is generally the case with offensives — they were lighter than the losses in static or defensive operations. Had we taken Moscow last October, we would have won the war and achieved some sort of peace in

¹ This letter, addressed to Dr. Otto Strasser, head of the anti-Hitler "Black Front," reached him through underground channels. It has been edited only to shield the identity of the German Army officer who wrote it, evidently an intelligent man of analytical temper. — ED.

Europe — such, at any rate, was the general conviction in the Army. England, under those circumstances, would have found it very difficult to undertake an offensive against the European continent. But the sudden halt of our Russian offensive and America's entry into the war were shattering blows for our troops. You remember our feelings from 1917 onward — this time it was the same.

On top of this psychological depression came the terrific and unprecedented strain of the Russian

winter, which I can only suggest by recalling to your mind the familiar pictures of Napoleon's retreat. Though we Germans were not in full retreat, our recoil was of a similar nature. Our losses from frost-bite and similar afflictions were three times as great as our losses in battle. Besides, the relentless Russian attacks gave us no respite for recovery. My own regiment had only three weeks of rest through the whole winter, and even then, we were repeatedly driven into dugouts by Soviet planes.



*"Our people must resign themselves to another series of victories.
... Prepare the news releases accordingly ..."*

When I left my regiment, it still had about 60 per cent of its full strength, but only half of them were seasoned men; the rest came from home-drafts, replacement-drafts, etc. The unfavorable effect on the quality of the troops was marked, especially on officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned. More decisive, however, than this numerical weakening — which held true for our entire division and is undoubtedly typical of the whole Eastern front — is *the moral change in the soldiers*. Since October, all of Russia had become a “second Verdun” for the German Army — and you know well enough what that means! At that time, the “Verdun mill” ground down the spirit of the German fighting forces. The winter operations in Russia have done precisely that in the present war.

In all likelihood, the gentlemen at General Staff Headquarters will go on calculating (just as in those 1917 days) that a division is a division, a regiment is a regiment, a combatant is a combatant. But my division of March 1942 is no longer the same division it was in March 1941. Still less is it the division of March 1940, when we were about to attack Holland. The soldier of today is not the fighting man of two years ago: *he has had enough!*

You will have an approximate picture of my men when you recall the trenches before St. Quentin in March 1918. The men were still ready to make the last “decisive effort,” but the old swing was missing. And you know that on Passion Day, 1918, our men simply could not make the advance. It was not the spirit of rebellion — that’s nonsense — it was the spirit of hopelessness. It was weariness and despair, because the last trump had failed to win the game.

In a few weeks, when I am cured, I will return to the Eastern front. I am certain that I shall find my men in about the same frame of mind that German soldiers were before Ludendorff’s “great offensive.” Hitler, exactly like Ludendorff, is being slowly but irresistibly pressed by the ever increasing weight of the United States. Should Adolf’s offensive, like Ludendorff’s twenty-four years ago, bring only partial success, but fail to achieve the decisive victory, the German Army will find also in 1942 its “August 8th” and its “November 9th.”

II

This impression of the military situation, based on my own and my friends’ observation range, is fully substantiated by the economic diffi-

culties. These difficulties, as I have observed and felt them, operate with less pressure at the front, but with tremendous force here at home.

Although the general situation on subsistence goods is still somewhat better than in 1918, it is already at the level of 1917. This time, however, it is felt more painfully because of its greater impact on the civilian population. The essential difference between this and the last war is this: then, practically the whole weight of the struggle was concentrated on the front, while the people at home — at least so far as those who had any means at all are concerned — bore only its privations. Today, the civilian population is directly involved in the war: actively, through the ruthless and inhuman strain imposed on it, and passively, through the bombing of the hinterland and the consequent general sense of insecurity.

You simply can have no adequate idea of the over-strain on the people at home. One and all, they are envious of us soldiers — at any rate, they were until the Russian winter campaign — because we have “so little to do and so much to eat.” Every man and woman here works to the limit of endurance and frequently beyond that. I

feel often that this is not the result merely of the necessities of war production. It is also a means of keeping the population from thinking and from criticizing. Folks are simply so deathly tired when they come from work that they swallow the wretched grub and throw themselves into bed. Amazingly little reading is done, and just as little listening to the radio or sitting around in taverns, where only men on leave, adolescents, the “home-warriors” of the Party and SS are now seen. The margins of energy for such things seem to have been used up.

Under these circumstances, one can hardly speak of family life. Father and mother are dog-tired and generally in a state of nervous irritation; the older children are perpetually taken up with some Party or communal tasks. Now there is talk of sending them on the land to help make up the shortage of farm labor. The younger children are left virtually without supervision — insolent, undernourished, without proper schooling — in short, even worse than we knew them under the tragic conditions of the last war.

I saw Germany in November 1918, when lack of coal, hopelessness, lassitude and indifference were widespread. When I returned in

January, and later, when I was released from the hospital for home treatment, I had the same impression as in 1918.

You must not think that the civilians get even as much furlough as we do at the front. The labor shortage is immense, despite millions of war prisoners and foreign workers. Recently, this shortage has become more acute because of the merciless "combing" of all occupations for manpower to replenish the Army. A further headache for economy and industry is the incredible growth of bureaucracy, way beyond our sad experience with "war companies" in 1914-18. Add to that the difficulty of obtaining raw materials, being felt by all kinds of business — by large establishments and even more so by middle and small ones — and you have an approximate idea of the conditions and the depressed mood in economic life.

The businessmen are at least as war-tired as the soldiers, workers and employees, but they are even more subject to terror and they suffer more from anxiety over the prospects for Germany and German economy after a defeat.

There is enough money, but there is nothing to buy. Consequently the official loans at a high rate of interest make no impression.

They have no relation to purchasing power. The few non-rationed items — such as houses and real estate — have risen enormously in price and are, of course, beyond the reach of the middle classes, let alone the masses.

Again and again, in these months since I got back home, I have asked myself how long the German people will stand all this, how long they will continue to bear it. Without doubt, the brutalities of prolonged terror and the refinements of propaganda have heightened their capacity for suffering and reduced their capacity for rebellion. Despite all that, there is a growing feeling that these methods have been stretched too far and that their effectiveness is weakening. The people are aware that they are so indispensable to industrial production and can no longer be imprisoned wholesale. As for the newspapers and radio, there is no longer a sane German who believes them.

Had not the great Japanese successes come in time, it is my firm conviction that civilian collapse might have come already. Adolf ought to thank the Japs on bended knee. In his blackest weeks, it was the Japs, with their news of victory at Hong Kong and Singapore, the Philippines and the Dutch Indies,

who once more whipped up the German people to brace themselves and hold out a little longer. Now, everything depends on the success or failure of the spring and summer battles. If they are not smashing victories, the civilian population is even less likely to hold out than the Army.

III

This is especially true now that the fear of English bombing has become so real and so great. Faith in Göring's bombastic boast that "no enemy flier will ever penetrate the anti-aircraft defense on the Reich borders" disappeared long ago. The German people fear that the payment for the Luftwaffe's "heroic deeds" will be taken out of their own skins. They ask, in whispers, when the German government, too, will have to announce that civilian losses are greater than losses at the front.

The importance of home bombing cannot be overrated. I can see the effects daily. Although the last English flier was here months ago, people speak with awe of the nights they spent in air-raid shelters. The air-raid wardens come in for a good deal of bitterness because of their arbitrariness and rudeness.

The prestige of the Party and its

functionaries has sunk to zero. That, of course, is the most significant fact of all. No one today would think of joining the Party. On the contrary, many would like to leave it, but this, because of the severe Party discipline, is impossible. As a result, some of these "careful" fellows are already busy — in trusted company — with "bitter-heart stories" and expressions of regret, a fact that opens new possibilities for our work.

The SA (*Sturm Abteilung*) has practically disappeared from the scene. You know that the SA people, without distinction of rank, were mustered into the Army, where they are today among the most discontented elements. This is especially true of the SA men and *führers* who have lost their rank and thus been cheated out of their reward, after sacrifices in arduous political struggles.

On the other hand, the black-uniformed SS (Elite Guard) is swelling up, not only in numbers but in armament. These fellows, for the most part, will stick to Hitler, since they have no other choice. Hence, from the smallest hamlet to Berlin itself, every local SS *führer* and most of their men become objects of such personal hatred that I shouldn't like to be in an SS skin.

These are the more important things I wanted to write to you about. I would like to emphasize that the surface picture of a more or less stable power is just as deceptive as a purely numerical estimate of the German Army. Human beings — even Germans — are not just machines. The Germans of March 1942 — those at the front and those at home — do not possess

half of their working and fighting power of a year ago. Above all, they have lost their *will* to fight and to work. That is why I feel that our crops will come good and ripe, even this year.

Here is hoping that I may get through the next few months in fairly good shape, so that I may welcome you home by the end of the year in old loyalty and devotion!



"Why, O why, did I give up house-painting for high art?!!"

RICHARD PRICE: PROPHET OF FREEDOM

BY ROBERT O. BALLOU

THE Rev. Richard Price was one of those rare men gifted with far vision and perhaps a touch of prophecy. One reads his words with the realization that only the most "advanced" political thinkers have as yet caught up with his ideas. A Welshman who never visited America, and today almost entirely unknown on either side of the Atlantic, his thoughts and very phrases are woven into our Declaration of Independence and Constitution. Nearly two centuries ago, moreover, he sketched the Wilsonian dream of a League of Nations, the Union Now idea and modern concepts of global patriotism.

Richard Price was born in 1723 at Tynton, Glamorganshire, Wales. The son of a dissenting minister (a Calvinist), he himself became a Unitarian minister and, opposed by the Church of England and conservative political forces, joined the ranks of the great progressive divines of the eighteenth century. A prolific correspondent with Turgot, an intimate friend of Doctor Priestly

and Benjamin Franklin, an acknowledged source of inspiration for Thomas Paine, Price influenced his contemporaries and was forgotten in recorded history.

He was a tireless writer of pamphlets, under such titles as *A Review of the Principle Questions of Morals, Observations on the American Revolution and the Means of Rendering it a Benefit to the World*, and *Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty, the Principles of Government, and the Justice and Policy of the War with America*. The last mentioned pamphlet of twenty-five or thirty thousand words was published in England early in 1776. Copies reached America a few weeks before the Declaration of Independence was drafted, and were sent by the Continental Congress to Colonial newspapers, at least one of which, *The Connecticut Courant*, reprinted it in full in eight installments. It is to such an obscure source that one must go if he would read it today. Blazing with the doctrine of human liberty, it

was undoubtedly discussed in the taverns, on the street corners, and at town meetings, and carried into battle by many a continental soldier.

Some time in June of that year, Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence. As he wrote years later to Henry Lee, it was "neither aiming at originality nor yet copied from any particular and previous writing." Yet many words, phrases and formulations of thought seem, upon examination, to have come from a pamphlet now so obscure that few persons, even among historians of America, have heard of it. Thus Price wrote:

No people can lawfully surrender their liberty. . . . Such a cession, being inconsistent with the unalienable rights of human nature, would either not bind at all or bind only the individuals who made it. This is a blessing which, when lost, a people always have a right to resume.

And Jefferson wrote in the Declaration:

All men . . . are endowed by their creator with inherent and unalienable rights. . . .

Price wrote:

All civil government, as far as it can be denominated free, is the creature of the people. It originates with them. It is conducted under their direction and has in view nothing but their happiness. . . . For their sakes government is instituted. . . .

Jefferson wrote:

To secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. . . . Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles . . . as to them shall seem most likely to effect their happiness.

Price wrote:

Mankind are naturally disposed to continue in subjection to that mode of government under which they have been born and educated. Nothing rouses them into resistance but great abuses, or some particular oppressions out of the road to which they have been used.

Jefferson wrote:

Mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses evinces a design to reduce them to absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government.

Two years after the Declaration of Independence abolished the complicated and disturbing political union between America and England, casting adrift a nation in embryo, the Continental Congress wrote to Richard Price and invited him to remove to America and help them set up a stable form of government. Though only fifty-five, Price felt his age, and was further limited by the ill-health of

his wife, who died a few years later. He wrote to the Congress and declined, but in his letter, he uttered these deeply prophetic words:

"I look to the United States as now the hope, and likely soon to become the refuge, of mankind."

In 1783, Yale University conferred honorary doctors' degrees upon two men in recognition of their services to American liberty. One of these men was General George Washington. The other was the Reverend Richard Price.

II

In 1787, when the Constitutional Convention met in Philadelphia, not thirteen United States of America (though they had been called that in the Declaration of Independence), but thirteen sovereign nations of white men inhabited the eastern portion of this continent; thirteen nations in the conflicts of whose selfish interests were all the seeds of disunion and even bloodier wars than the one which they had waged against England. "An infinity of little jealous, tumultuous commonwealths," Alexander Hamilton called them, "the wretched nurseries of unceasing discord and the miserable objects of universal pity or contempt."

Plainly, neither the Declaration

of Independence nor the Continental Congress was generally regarded as having created any kind of union. The war effort had united the thirteen colonies briefly against the common enemy. Now their attitude was that the Declaration had asserted their freedom from England, and their independence each from every other one. It was the task of the Constitutional Convention to find a remedy for the evils which arose from an excess of unbridled liberty and disunion.

Richard Price was not at that convention, but most assuredly his *Observations on Civil Liberty* was, though apparently no member of the Convention ever publicly acknowledged its contribution. Written eleven years earlier, it had this to say to George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, John Langdon, Roger Sherman, Alexander Hamilton and the rest who were trying to form a new kind of government in the world:

Though in a great state all the individuals cannot be admitted to an immediate participation in the powers of legislation and government, yet they may participate in these powers by a delegation of them to a body of representatives. In this case it is evident that the state will still be free or self-governed, and that it will be more or less so as it is more or less adequately represented. If the persons to whom the trust of government is committed hold their places for short terms, if they are

chosen by the unbiased majority of the state, and subject to their instructions, liberty will be enjoyed in its highest degree.

Let every state with respect to all its internal concerns be continued independent of all the rest; and let a general confederacy be formed by the appointment of a senate consisting of representatives from all the different states. Let this senate possess the power of managing all the common concerns of the united states . . . together with the sole power of imposing taxes and originating supplies . . . having at the same time the common force of the states to support its decisions.

* * *

There may be the best reasons for joining to such a body of representatives an hereditary council. . . .

* * *

Let there be a supreme executive over all. This will form useful checks in a legislature and contribute to give it vigor without infringing liberty.

* * *

Thus might the scattered force and abilities of a whole continent be gathered into one point, all litigations settled as they arose, universal peace preserved, and nation prevented from any more lifting up a sword against nation.

Thus spoke Richard Price to the founding fathers. We have only to make his senate our dual Congress, substitute our Supreme Court with life tenure for his hereditary council, and we have, almost as if *post-facto*, an outline of the Constitution of the United States of America. Price expressed clearly and concisely the theory of representative

democracy, of a working federation of free states, the preservation of state rights, and the principle of dual fealty to state and to a federation of states. In addition, his pamphlet pointed out the necessity of religious and civil liberty, guarantees by the United States of the inviolability of the several states, and other principles which became parts of the Constitution at its inception, have since become parts of it, or are ideals toward which we strive today.

Yet, amazingly, it was not of a union of the American colonies which Price wrote in 1776, but of a United States of Europe! Europe did not heed him then. Our founding fathers did.

Now we and our allies, marching toward the most important peace that was ever achieved in history, call ourselves "the United Nations," just as thirteen colonies in 1776 called themselves "the United States." Shall we fall apart again after the victory is won, as the American colonies so nearly did in 1783, as the democratic allies did in 1918? Or shall we, the victorious but spent free nations of the world, heed, as our founding fathers did, the words of Richard Price and form a true union that "the scattered force and abilities of a whole world may be gathered in one

point, peace preserved, and nation prevented from any more lifting up a sword against nation?" That, rather than any academic argument about how much Price influenced the writing of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, intimates his true significance today.

Across the generations, these words of Price reach out to us:

While Europe continues divided as at present into a great number of independent kingdoms whose interests are

continually clashing, it is impossible but that disputes will often arise which must end in war and carnage. It would be no remedy for the evil to make one of these states supreme over the rest, and to give it absolute plenitude of power to superintend and control them. This would be to . . . establish an ignominious slavery not possible to be long endured. It would therefore be a remedy worse than the disease.

Written long ago for Englishmen about one continent, it reads as a living commentary for a world now smaller than a continent used to be.



"Beg pardon — is this country taken?"

► *A correspondent who knew him
well in Moscow analyzes*

THE LEGEND OF SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

BY ALICE-LEONE MOATS

ON June 22, 1941, Sir Stafford Cripps became a hero to the English people. That was the day Germany attacked the USSR and, somehow, the British public got carried away by the idea that, single-handed, Cripps had put Russia into the war on the right side. The idea caught on and has flourished no less amply in the United States.

It is true that one man was responsible for the lucky event of June 22, but his name was Hitler, not Cripps. The great moment, indeed, overtook Sir Stafford in England, while he was grouching publicly about the futility of his Soviet mission. During his long months in Moscow, he had been treated disdainfully, and on the eve of his departure, even Molotov had flatly refused to receive him. It was in the tense period when a warning of the coming Nazi assault by our own Secretary of State brought him this bouquet from the Moscow *Pravda*: "SENILE CAPITALIST STIRS TROUBLE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND GERMANY." The Cripps warnings had about the

same social success. Soviet officials, until the very last moment, did not risk offending Germany by being polite to Hitler's enemies.

His emergence as a hero must have surprised, most of all, Cripps himself. However, he did not dispute the popular verdict and the legend that he "won over Russia" has prospered. For reasons that defy ordinary logic, the splendid Soviet resistance has somehow served to confirm and fortify the original Cripps illusion.

When he resigned as Ambassador to the Soviet Union in January of this year and returned to London, Cripps was acclaimed on all sides as the man of the hour. The *London Times*, which had previously attacked him, called for his inclusion in the War Cabinet. Newspapers and magazines in England and America ran over with extravagant laudation, singling out for special approbation the gift he had not yet demonstrated — statesmanship. One journalist described him in his triumphant return "as the man who had thawed the ice in the

Kremlin.” Another wrote: “Much credit for the closer accord between Britain and the USSR is due to Cripps. He returns resplendent with success.”

Thus, a comparatively innocent bystander received credit, on the one hand, for Hitler’s stroke and, on the other, for the miraculous Russian resistance. Cripps had always voiced faith in the Soviet Union, but by no stretch of the imagination could he be considered responsible for the heroic showing of the Red Army.

Sir Stafford’s return this January coincided with reverses in the Far East and outspoken criticism of Churchill’s conduct of the war. Some assurances were in order that there would be social reform in England as well as a change in foreign policy. Churchill adopted the obvious solution: Cripps, advocate of good Anglo-Soviet relations, champion of the underdog, was named Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons.

Then came the pressing question of the defense of India. Cripps had shown sympathy for the Soviets, and look what happened. Cripps had also shown sympathy for India. Didn’t it follow that he would be able to perform miracles in that vital colony? There are those who hint that Churchill, the shrewd

politician, believing that no one could succeed with the Indians, was more than pleased to test the legendary prowess of his would-be successor. However that may be, Cripps went and his magic failed.

The Allied world was distressed by such blasting of its high hopes. It had insisted on regarding Sir Stafford as the *deus ex machina* in Russia, in what had really been a series of circumstances over which he had no control. Now he was expected to pull a rabbit out of Gandhi’s loin cloth. Certainly he cannot be blamed for failing to do so.

The hopeful ones had failed to take Cripps’ character into account in regarding him as the ideal emissary to India. To begin with, he is too English to deal successfully with Asiatics. Nobody but a thoroughgoing Anglo-Saxon would have announced, on arrival in India, that he would remain only ten days. With true English naïveté, he couldn’t conceive of Hindus, Buddhists and Moslems refusing to accept his Christian idealism at face value. It was also very Anglo-Saxon to believe that, having made friends with Gandhi and Pandit Nehru on an earlier visit, he would have influence over them. If anything, that was a drawback, since it gave them a good line on the type

of man with whom they had to deal.

Probably any other man would have failed on this Indian mission. His defeat has not been held against him personally in England. The people are still determined to regard him as a hero — no longer conquering, perhaps, but a conquered hero who did his magnificent best. Should the Indians suddenly decide that they fear the Japanese more than the British and organize a strong defense, Cripps will probably be hailed as the man who got India into the war and may achieve his ambition of being Prime Minister.

If, on the other hand, Britain should suffer crushing reverses in India, the public may possibly turn on Sir Stafford with the same energetic illogic that it showed in praising him. That would scarcely be fair to the man. His idolization is part and parcel of the wishful thinking in which the democracies have been indulging. The Cripps legend is a product — and Cripps himself may in the end become a victim — of this process. The Soviets have been completely honest in making clear from the start that they are fighting because they were invaded. In justice to Cripps, he should be relieved of the fantastic reputation of a miracle man.

II

In reviewing Cripps' record, it is clear that he is a great lawyer. Time and again he has proved that he possesses a brilliant legal mind and he has made a lot of money at his profession. If he is also a great statesman, he has had no real opportunity to show it. When he went to the USSR, after the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact of non-aggression, the cards were stacked against him. The Russians had decided either that Hitler looked like the winner, or that their national interest lay in both sides bleeding themselves into impotence, and were sticking by their policy of neutral collaboration with the Nazis.

For a long time, there was no sign of any difference between the USSR and Germany which could be turned to good account by an English diplomat. When the first sign did appear, Sir Stafford refused to believe it. Early in February 1941, the Greek Minister in Moscow told Cripps that his government had received word through Berlin sources that the Nazis were planning to invade Russia in the spring. Cripps set the information aside as ridiculous rumor. At the end of the month, however, he had another interview

with his Greek colleague, in which he said that he had come around to the belief that the German attack was probable. This change of view was official: the Greek government had also notified London which, in turn, notified its ambassador in Moscow.

But if he muffed the first tip-off, Cripps now made up for it in full measure. From then on, he bent all his energies to make Soviet officials understand that their country was in danger. No doubt his warnings caused the commissars to reflect. They had more objective warnings; subsequently, they disclosed that the Germans had violated the Soviet frontiers 384 times from January 1 to June 22. They were also nervous about the Hess incident. The Germans paid Cripps the compliment of resenting his activities. They made their displeasure known to the Soviet government, which doubled the guard on the British Ambassador to make sure nothing happened to him. Still, they gave no indication of confidence in him and the tone of the official conversations was bitter.

Events moved fast. The Russians found themselves obliged to make continual denials of the widening cracks in the Nazi-Soviet friendship. They were exasperated when Hitler took over power in Rumania

and Finland. Cripps wasn't wasting time. He flew to Ankara, where he had talks with Eden and with Turkish leaders. On his return, he talked with Soviet officials, who were beginning to grow uneasy but were still fearful of annoying Germany by showing their misgivings. Besides, they were staking everything on one last card — that the Nazis would take a hand in the revolt in Iraq and the war would be diverted to other frontiers. But England made a stand for the first time and the revolt was quelled. Soviet hopes collapsed.

Cripps looked on while Stalin made desperate last-minute appeasement efforts. The Soviet government ordered the Yugoslav Minister to leave. The Belgian and Greek Ministers were also given their walking papers. The Russians had every intention of keeping out of the war if it were at all possible. Cripps, in his role of Cassandra, began to get on their nerves. They decided not to see him. Early in June, after Sir Stafford had made repeated requests for an interview with Molotov and been put off with evasions, the Foreign Commissar's secretary telephoned the British Embassy and delivered the following message: "Mr. Molotov does not *wish* to see the British Ambassador."

That was when Cripps flew to London, arriving ten days before the German invasion. He explained to all and sundry, including some reporters, that he couldn't do much in a country where the Foreign Commissar refused to receive him.

During those ten days, the Soviets intensified their efforts to placate the Nazis. They denied every statement made by Cripps in London, and showed themselves definitely hostile towards him. Then the German attack settled everything. Cripps, the self-admitted failure in his Russian mission, was hailed for his great success and became England's man of the hour. He was named Privy Councillor and, one week later, arrived back in Moscow accompanied by the heads of the military, naval, air and economic missions. On July 12, he signed an Anglo-Soviet pact in the Kremlin, in the presence of Josef Stalin.

The British and American press gave Cripps most of the credit for arranging that pact. The papers agreed that no Englishman could have approached Cripps' success in the delicate diplomatic task. In the general excitement, no one cared to remember something the Russians have never tried to conceal: that they don't have to fall in love with a nation's representative

in order to negotiate with him. If they don't want to play ball with a nation, its plenipotentiary may combine the best features of Machiavelli, Gary Cooper and Dale Carnegie and not get to first base. Cripps, after the invasion, could have been Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy, and the Soviets would have signed the Anglo-Soviet pact. After all, it only made official a shotgun military alliance, in which Hitler wielded the shotgun.

The Russians are nothing if not realists. When Sir Stafford was in the way, they did not hesitate to kick him aside. When he returned, representing an unexpected ally, they received him with smiles, giving no sign that there had ever been so much as a lovers' tiff between them. The new, friendly attitude does not mean that the Soviet leaders ever liked him very much personally. He is a typical fellow-traveler, and while the Bolsheviks use fellow-travelers, they haven't much use or respect for them. A Russian official once put the case to a British correspondent when he asked: "Why does England send us a Leftist like Cripps? We would like a conservative, someone on the order of Lord Lloyd, for instance, who would really represent the political views of his country."

Of course, it was never intended that Cripps should be His Majesty's Ambassador to the Kremlin. The appointment was an accident. In May 1940, Sir Stafford was sent to Russia as head of a trade mission. While he was en route, the Soviet government indicated that it would not negotiate with a trade mission unless there was an ambassador in Moscow; the Soviets are touchy about such formalities. London decided that the easiest way out of the mess was to name Cripps as ambassador. His credentials had to be cabled to Moscow, causing much work for the secretaries in the Embassy, who sweated for hours decoding such phrases as "We, George the Sixth, King of England, Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith."

III

The people who know Sir Stafford are divided into two distinct classes: those who admire him tremendously and those who dislike him enormously. The men who have worked with him in his capacity as a lawyer usually hold him in high esteem. Those who have worked with and under him in his capacity as a diplomat are not Cripps enthusiasts. This may be because, as a lawyer, he was an expert;

as a diplomat, he was a greenhorn. A fellow-ambassador in Moscow described him to me in the following words: "He is very English. He appears to be an idealist, a humanitarian and a Puritan. What is certain is only that he is a vegetarian."

The Foreign Office men had great praise for him in one particular: he allowed his subordinates to carry on their jobs with no niggling interference. Even when he disagreed with views on Russia, as shown in their reports, he forwarded them to London. Only once did he register an objection. That was when a secretary, admirably qualified for the task, wrote a report on his return from a tour of the Baltic States after their annexation by the USSR. Cripps, shocked by its contents, pencilled this memo on it: "The writer of this report should make it clear that this is a statement of his own opinion and not necessarily an accurate picture of conditions as they are." It came back to his desk with another memo: "The writer is not accustomed to having his veracity questioned." Sir Stafford never again tried to force his staff to follow his own pro-Soviet bias.

Throughout the three and a half months he spent in Moscow after the invasion, he showed himself a

courageous man intent on doing his duty. Other ambassadors fled to their country houses every evening. Cripps stayed right on in his Embassy, which is just across the narrow river from the Kremlin and hence especially likely to be hit when the Germans aimed at that inviting target. Once, when an incendiary fell on the roof, he and an admiral crawled out of a window on all fours and put out the flames before the fire brigade arrived.

When the American Ambassador, Mr. Steinhardt, called on Sir Stafford to propose that the two of them should get the Japanese Ambassador to join in forcing the Foreign Office to allow the embassies to evacuate to Sverdlovsk, Cripps was genuinely horrified. He refused in sharp words. He put up a fight on the fifteenth of October, when Molotov ordered all foreigners to leave Moscow, insisting on a guarantee that the government would also move, which Molotov gave him. In the end, only the Foreign Office was evacuated, with Vishinsky as acting head, but Molotov showed up briefly in deference to the Cripps conscience.

Sir Stafford's best friends admit that his personality lacks warmth. Yet, I must say that I liked him from our first meeting. I found

him gay, an interesting talker and eager to be helpful. As a host, he shows up to the best advantage. He is genial and generous and does not insist that his guests share his vegetarianism and teetotalism.

But while Cripps is a humanitarian, he can scarcely be described as excessively human. Like so many of his kind, he worries a great deal about humanity, but is inclined to neglect the human beings close to him. That trait showed up at the time of the evacuation of Moscow. After his interview with Molotov, he went to the British Consulate, where he told his staff the news and ordered everybody to be ready to leave that night at seven. He put a secretary in charge of the transportation, then went off and was not seen until that evening at the station. There were papers to be signed, orders to be given, dispositions to be made, but he never reappeared at the offices. Since he had put someone in charge of transportation, it was assumed he had also made arrangements for food and so nothing was done. But he hadn't given it a thought.

The result was that, for the first twenty-four hours of the trip, the eighty-nine members of the British contingent went hungry. Sir Stafford kept to his compartment, brooding and munching carrots

while his dog, Joe, ate the meat that had been brought for him. Everyone remarked that he looked like a broken man and there is no doubt that he was greatly downcast by the bad turn the Russian war had taken at that moment.

It was impossible to discover whether Cripps genuinely believed in the Soviet system after having looked at it with his own eyes, or whether, having started out on one line, was determined to keep to it. My own guess is that he was honestly incapable of facing facts. After he arrived in Kuibyshev, a British correspondent asked him whether he had been shaken by anything he had seen in the USSR. His reply showed the influence of a legal career. "I have seen nothing here," he replied, "which I had not expected to see."

I can attest, all the same, that people close to him knew he had been deeply disturbed by Kuibyshev. In Moscow, a creature set apart by his position, he had seen little except the best streets, the official edifices and the magnificent Embassy buildings. In the new capital on the Volga, he was confronted by harsh realities of misery and poverty: ragged clothes and straw sandals; unpaved streets; the long queues, day and night, in front of food shops; and worst of all,

the big concentration camp behind a mile of barbed wire, which had to be passed on the way to the airport.

There was something almost defiant in his championing of everything Soviet. Even Russians might allow themselves a discreet doubt, but not Cripps. By way of illustration, there was the time he allowed one of his favorite servants, a chauffeur, to go to prison for three years after an automobile accident in which the chauffeur was not to blame and the victim not badly hurt. On the day of the trial, a secretary said to the Ambassador: "I suppose, sir, that you will want one of us to accompany the man and use the necessary influence to get him off." "Certainly not," Sir Stafford said grimly, "I believe in Soviet justice."

Presumably, his faith in Soviet justice stems from his study of the famous purge trials. He told a friend in Moscow that he regards Vishinsky, the former state prosecutor, as a great idealist — a characterization which at least upholds Cripps' reputation as an original thinker, and would no doubt amaze Vishinsky.

Sir Stafford remonstrated with the wife of a Balkan Minister, whose country had been conquered by the Nazis, for saying she hoped

she could get her fingers around some German throat. "You must not have a spirit of revenge," he chided her. "No one should have it in this war." There is an almost religious quality, too, in his desperate faith in everything Soviet, even when some of it distresses him no end. He has been consistent in his friendship for India. In fact, he is replete with high-minded attitudes.

All of which speaks well for Cripps the man. But Cripps the statesman should be able to pull the wool over other people's eyes

when necessary, whereas he seems especially adept in pulling it over his own. Since he is seriously regarded as a candidate for Prime Minister, this is a consideration not to be lightly dismissed. The British people will not be called upon, in the final analysis, to decide whether Cripps is a good man, but whether he is a good statesman and a strong leader.

The least they should do, if an outsider may offer unasked advice, is to examine the Cripps legend, separating the truth from the wishful thinking afflatus.

Eric Peters



"Confidentially, Hawkins, what ARE the Empire's chances?"

► *Better men, methods and machines
to win the war — these are*

AMERICA'S SECRET WEAPONS

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

WHEN the war has been won and the Wellingtons begin looking back to see why we were able to win it, they will probably start a hundred-year debate over whether the war was won by superior men or superior machines. The idealists will say that the team-play spirit of democratic fighting men won the war; the materialists will contend that American mechanical ingenuity tilted the balance.

The idealists will conclude that the *strength* to win the war came from the sandlot ball parks of America, but the materialists will hold that the *skill* came from the Model-T Ford.

The debate may never be resolved, but already it is apparent that both sides will have convincing arguments. The war has not yet been won, but on the 166th anniversary of American independence there are signs that the enemy has underestimated both the American strength and the American skill for war.

On the human side, those in charge of the armed forces report

a complete change in attitude among the men. A year ago, the first big maneuvers were being held in the South. Morale was low. Only by a one-vote margin did Congress hold the men in service and there was talk of "over the hill in October." But all of this is gone now. There is a new will in the New Army and it's a will for victory.

What has wrought the change? Events have helped — Pearl Harbor and Bataan and Wake Island. But perhaps the most helpful factor has been the War Department's new Orientation Program. You can call it propaganda, for it is propaganda, but it is designed as an American sort of propaganda. There is no master race in it, no emotional mumbo-jumbo, and no build-up for war as a profession. It's an intelligent appeal to an intelligent army, for the average soldier in the New Army is a high school graduate, while the average American soldier in the first World War had finished only the fourth grade.

The Orientation Program was

designed to tell the American soldier why he is in this war and why he must win it. Begun immediately after Pearl Harbor, it's a course both in history and human psychology. It is presented in the form of weekly lectures and discussions at the camps. The material, including a weekly news map and suggested lectures, is furnished by the War Department, but is presented to the men by their own officers.

How did Hitler come to power in Germany? Why did he strike at Norway? Why was the Balkan campaign inevitable? Why did the United States encourage the pro-Ally *coup d'état* in Yugoslavia? What were the political considerations which made it necessary for Britain to sacrifice troops and equipment in the "hopeless" fight in Greece? And what was the effect of each Hitlerian stroke on Russia? On the United States? The New Army is considering all of these questions. After spending the days learning how to use new weapons, the men and their officers are spending part of the nights around maps, studying all the "whys" of this war.

The program appears to stress the war with Japan even more than the war with Germany. The official explanation is that the

"whys" of the war with Japan are simpler and more easily presented. Japan is a war-worshipping nation bent on conquest, while America is a peace-worshipping nation committed to the principle of self-determination for small nations. The men are being told that the war with Japan was inevitable because of Japanese expansionist policy, and that for our own safety, we must defeat Japan and install a balanced, peace-worshipping order in Asia.

The Orientation Program examines our allies as well as our enemies. The soldiers are being told that the British are a heroic, tenacious people who refused even to consider defeat in the darkest hours of the war. Many stories of individual heroism are included and the story of Lieut. J. Ouvray is cited as typical. This is it:

The magnetic mine was Hitler's one true and effective "secret" weapon for a period of ninety days, but a Luftwaffe plane made the mistake of dropping one of them in a mudflat where it was recovered by Lieutenant Ouvray and his men. The lieutenant — a slight, unassuming Welshman — knew what to do and he didn't hesitate. He summoned a battery of mine experts and seated them around and above him, a safe distance away. Then he

focused a strong light on the mine, sat down over it, and began to take it apart. There were seven hundred pounds of TNT in the mine. As he removed each screw and part, he called it out and the experts noted it so that when the mine went off and blew Ouvray to Kingdom Come, they would know what not to do with the next mine.

But Lieutenant Ouvray beat the magnetic mine. He found two detonators, one to explode on contact, the other containing a magnetic needle which moved when the ship passed over it. By moving, the needle closed the circuit and set off the TNT. The remedy was simple — the DeGaussing Belt, an insulated cable around the ship to destroy the vessel's magnetism.

About Russia, the men are being told that there is a difference between us and Russia, that all of our objectives in this war may not be the same, and that Russia is not an ally in the sense that England and Canada and Australia are allies. But they are being told that the Russians are opposing one of our enemies magnificently; that for this circumstance, we can be thankful to the fates and must help the Russian effort all we can.

There is little flag-waving in the Orientation Program. It concludes simply with these words:

The American soldier is fighting *for* more than he is fighting *against*. Somewhere in this broad country — on the wooded hills of the Atlantic seaboard, on the Midwest plains, in the Southern cotton fields, or in the forests of the Pacific Coast — is the spot each man calls "home." For that home and those in it we serve in the American Army. But more than homes and forty-eight states is America. America is a way of life. America is to be revered, never feared, by Americans. Our enemies shall be defeated far from our shores. They shall be defeated finally and thoroughly to make sure that this form of treachery shall never endanger us again.

II

The War Department also reports encouraging results in the combat training of the new soldier. American individual initiative is devising new combat methods which may be as surprising to the Nazis as were their new methods to the Poles and the French.

The new tank destroyer battalion, for example, is purely an American development. It is not an officer's idea. It was born among the men in the heat of team-play maneuvers in Louisiana. The British and Russians use anti-tank "defenses" against the Nazi tank columns. But some American son of Stonewall Jackson or Jeb Stuart got tired waiting for tanks to come within range of his anti-tank gun,

so he and his team hitched a gun behind a jeep and went out looking for tanks to knock over. He figured that there was no point in allowing tank forces to enjoy the initiative.

Today, every division of the American Army has, not a "tank defense unit," but a tank destroyer battalion with a variety of fast-moving, self-propelled offensive weapons. The men in these battalions call themselves "the Commandos of the American Army." They ride in jeeps, with Thompson guns strapped over their shoulders, and with 37-millimeter guns clanging along behind them. They have the new 75's and self-propelling 105-millimeter howitzers and they fan out in front of a division for the brazen purpose of finding the enemy's tanks and destroying them before they can get set for battle.

The young officers and men of the tank destroyer battalions believe they have some surprises tucked away for Hitler and Yamashita. They boast that they are going to make the tank an obsolete weapon.

The American "task force," too, is an outgrowth of the team-play system in the New Army. Gone forever is the old idea of the division being the unbreakable unit. When a job is to be done, the new way is to assign an officer to do it.

He picks his staff and they decide what they need to do the job. How many tank destroyer battalions, how much armored force, how much aircraft, how many infantry regiments, how many engineer companies, and how much supply. Then the staff picks the outfits they want on the team and the "task force" does the job. When it is all over, the units revert back to their divisions, or else join other task forces.

The Air Corps had a terrific problem until the team-play system solved it. Everybody wanted to be a pilot. The story got around that when a would-be pilot washed out, he was salvaged and converted into a navigator, a bombardier, or a gunner. It was, consequently, difficult to induce fellows to become bombardiers, navigators and gunners.

The answer was the organization of nine-man teams to handle big ships like the Flying Fortress. The pilot, the co-pilot, the navigator and the bombardier are officers. They call themselves the backfield. The gunners — the sergeants and corporals — are the linemen. A Fortress takes off toward an objective. The navigator is carrying the ball and temporarily commanding the ship. The pilot is only a chauffeur. The bombardier and gunners

are alertly lazy at their posts. But when the ship enters enemy territory, the gunners spring into action. The "team" is only as strong as each of its defenders. If a gunner fails, the ship will be lost. Nearing the target, the bombardier lies on his stomach in his glass cage and takes command of the ship. It's his turn to carry the ball. His failure would mean failure of the mission. After he has dropped his bombs, perhaps he will have to substitute for a gunner who has been knocked out. What did the poor fellow die for? He died for his nine-man team in the Fortress and for the bigger team he represents. Maybe it sounds like a simple thing to die for, but it is the sort of thing an American boy understands. When you tell him that, at any cost, he must block out his man so that his team can win, you are talking a language he knows.

The men in the War Department believe that the adoption of the team-play system in building the new tactical units was the smartest move of the war. The older officer is the coach. The young field officer is the captain of the team. And the team is composed of fast halfbacks to carry the ball, with heavy guards and tackles to clear the ground. And everybody is playing a game, forced upon us, which must

not be lost. The Army sums up the team-play appeal in these words:

We know finally what it takes to make a soldier, a regiment or an army. It takes long hours of training to develop the skills, harden the muscles, and sharpen the mind; and further training to build the combat teams and harden them into armies. Those teams, ready at last for battle, are only so strong — or so weak — as the sum of their parts. Let one part, one weakling, fail in carrying out his mission, and all may fail. Let one man lead the way with a fine show of fighting spirit, and all will follow. The men of Bataan and Wake have fought with the fighting spirit of free men, keeping clean the record of their country, a record never marred by defeat in a foreign war. That, in the day of the greatest danger ever faced by our United States, is the role of the American soldier. He has never failed us yet. He will not fail us now!

III

On the machine front, there is evidence that our mechanical ingenuity is keeping pace with the physical development of the fighting units. Discussion must be guarded here, but enough of the developments can be cited in general terms to indicate that we, too, will have new and "secret" weapons.

The "seeing eye" is an amazing new apparatus. How it works is a precious secret, but those who know say that it eliminates forever

the surprise air attack. When a "seeing eye" is installed at a coastal point, it will pick up and chart the course of any plane which approaches within a hundred-mile radius. And it will do much more. It will synchronize and direct both searchlights and anti-aircraft fire. One man sitting over this instrument can spot the approaching planes, aim the searchlights and fire the guns. A hundred of these "seeing eyes" installed along our coast lines should secure us against any more Pearl Harbors.

In last year's maneuvers, there was much criticism of the Army's radio equipment. Broadcasting was done over five different bands. Supply had a band. General orders had a band. Liaison between air and grounds troops was on another band, and so on. All of this made for confusion. Also, the walky-talky sets were not successful. But new equipment and simplified communication methods have eliminated these difficulties. The walky-talky set has been improved and every jeep is now equipped with an oversized set.

New radio instruments for aircraft are also being perfected. Half of the commercial crashes are the result of a pilot's smashing into the side of a mountain. The pilot can tell how high he is above sea level

and how high he is above the terrain over which he is flying, but heretofore he has had no instrument to tell him how near he is to an obstacle directly in front of him. Such an instrument is now being tested.

During the German campaigns, much was said about "specially designed transport" which the Germans used to cross mountains or deserts or rivers. A whole battery of designers is at work in Detroit fashioning special "task" transport. The War Department claims that whether our armies fight on glaciers in Greenland, or mud in Russia, or the sands of the Sahara, they will have the type of transport needed.

An entire story could be devoted to the developments in sighting apparatus. Engineers are even working to improve the famous Sperry bombsight. It is known that the Germans now have the Sperry sight in their laboratories. Planes equipped with them have been shot down over German territory. But I am told that it will take the Germans at least a year to duplicate the Sperry sight and even longer to produce it in quantity. Against that time, we are improving the present sight.

A new computing sight will soon be available both for our anti-aircraft ground and deck guns and for

the defensive guns on heavy bombers. A few engineers have expressed the belief that this sight will mean the end of the dive bomber, since the sight is designed to anticipate the downward course of the bomber and enable the gunner to "lead" the ship just as a trap-shooter "leads" a clay pigeon.

Heretofore, defensive gunners in aircraft have had to rely on tracer ammunition for effective fire against fighter planes. Since tracer ammunition is reliable only up to two hundred yards, the gunners have been unable to fire effectively against fighters until they came within the two-hundred-yard range. The new computing sight will eliminate tracer ammunition and enable gunners to open fire on fighters at distances ranging up to fifteen hundred yards. New and heavier machine guns are being designed for bombers to take full advantage of the new development in the sighting equipment.

Aircraft developments obviously must be discussed only in the most general terms, but I am not violating any confidences when I reveal that the ship to smash Tokyo is already in production. In due time, this ship and as many like it as we need will be taking off from "somewhere around Alaska," flying to Tokyo, laying many tons of

eggs, and then flying back for another load. These ships, with the new armament and protective gunnery, will be able to shoot anything out of the skies that the Japs can send up after them.

It won't be long before Jimmy Doolittle can have plenty of company on his regular tours over Tokyo. The Army's newest poster reads: FLY TO TOKYO — ALL EXPENSES PAID and there are more applications for this trip than the Army can handle. The ships to transport all these men who want to accompany General Doolittle will be ready before Tokyo is ready to receive them.

The new bombers will have more gun turrets, but they will be "remote control" turrets. You can't put a man out on the wing of a Flying Fortress, but you can put a gun and the man can sit in the fuselage and operate it. In fact, it may be possible for one man to sit in the fuselage and fire several guns on the same target at the same time from different angles. And the enemy can expect more powerful guns and more powerful bombs.

A recent address by Glenn L. Martin, the plane builder, gives a further tip-off on what's coming up. Martin says that our planes are now being built out of an aluminum alloy which has a tensile strength of

sixty-eight thousand pounds per square inch. Then he adds that a new beryllium alloy has been developed which is non-corrosive, 40 per cent lighter than aluminum, yet has a tensile strength of two hundred thousand pounds per square inch. And experiments are now under way with an alloy which will have a strength of a million pounds per square inch! Martin concludes that he sees no limit to the size and payload capacity of airplanes. He has already launched a 250,000-pound flying boat; he has designed another twice as large; and he can build one four times as large as that when the order is given him.

The unchecked submarine threat off the East coast has focused attention on undersea warfare and methods to combat it. Two new developments have made the submarine more difficult to combat. Where the U-boat once had to jab its periscope above the surface before it could fire its torpedoes, it now may lie silently on the ocean floor and direct its attack by the use of its sonic apparatus. A destroyer could once depend on its sound apparatus to protect it from sudden attack by a submarine, since the sub formerly had to have its motors running before it could attack. But now the sub can lie

in wait, perfectly silent, and attack without warning.

The Germans have also found ways to make their subs less vulnerable to effective damage by depth bombs. Where once a depth bomb would disable a sub if it exploded within four hundred yards of it, there are subs off the East coast now which can take a depth charge within forty yards and still remain in operation.

The United States Navy is working overtime on new methods to combat the enemy subs and on methods to make our subs even more effective. The way in which the Navy improves the bomb resistance of our subs furnishes a possible answer to the question of whether men or machines will win the war.

This is the procedure. The officers in charge of the test call for volunteers to take a sub down for "blasting." A full crew takes it down and records observations while a destroyer throws "ashcans" at it at varying distances. While the sub rolls and groans under the impact of the explosions, the guys in the sub wisecrack like boys in a gym trying to find out which one can hit the other the hardest.

It takes machines to win modern wars, but it takes men to operate them.

Letter from London:

SEX COMES TO ENGLAND

By S. L. SOLON

SEX appeal has never been one of England's best-advertised attractions. Since the lusty Elizabethan days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, the Englishman has established himself firmly in the popular mind as one who is able to take his sex or leave it alone. Quite frequently, he appears to leave it alone while he busies himself with the pursuit of empire, his hobbies, or his pint in the local pub. This widely-held conception of English sex life stems, of course, from the traditional British reticence about all things personal, consequently it is quite natural that Englishmen have not only permitted the idea to stand, but have improved upon it, celebrated it, and have even convinced themselves that it is true.

As a result of this situation, the English have taken a certain local pride in their asexuality. One of my London friends attributes the alleged phenomenon to the climate: "Our fickle weather, with its fog and rains, its gentle tempests and mellow sunlight, makes gardening more exciting than love-

making." It is certainly clear that the British have a definite passion for raising flowers and vegetables, tulips and tomatoes, even apart from the war effort. I have heard gardens discussed here with all the tenderness and detail that a Frenchman confines to a discussion of his mistress. In fact, inquisitive children in England are told by their Nannies that babies are found behind gooseberry bushes. How this horticultural origin of his baby sister, expounded to him in childhood, affects the psychology of the adult Briton is a matter beyond the scope of this report, but it is true that the asexual quality in the social atmosphere has been firmly established — until now.

Now the war has rudely changed all that, exposing the English as amazingly like the rest of us weak humans. The second World War seems to continue the process of loosening up British sex attitudes, an evolution begun by the first struggle. The blitz, which drove millions of English men and women into helter-skelter intimacy in hur-

riedly organized shelters, blasted traditional English reserve as certainly as it upset complacency. An incendiary bomb sometimes makes it necessary to waive introductions and even a *pukka sahib* may get conversational with the parlor maid after a few weeks of camping in the cellar. War is a notorious catalyst for fusing the diverse elements in the social compound and it has come as a pleasant discovery to some of our stiffer Anglo cousins that it is possible to have dignity and fun at the same time. The Briton is on the way to discarding the dehydrated, de-emotionalized and standardized public school type as the national ideal. He is permitting himself to indulge in occasional emotional displays which he formerly regarded officially as the peculiar province of Latin operatic performers.

England's unveiling of its sex life is by no means a minor achievement of the present war. As soon as the sociologists begin to work on it, it may even be called revolutionary. Formerly, the average Englishman was content to let it be known that he thought of sex as a foreign product, manufactured chiefly in Hollywood, and only sometimes locally handtooled in a Noel Coward comedy. He took shelter behind his gooseberry bush and felt safe. Today, the gooseberry

bush has been uprooted and sex has reared its brightly disconcerting head.

There are four basic reasons for this metamorphosis. First is the enforced, and in some respects highly agreeable, communal life of the air raid shelter, which has tended to junk the artificiality of peacetime social intercourse. The new naturalist values, born of the blitz, seep gradually through into ordinary, everyday life. Emlyn Williams' play, *The Morning Star*, is appreciated hugely by its London audience because it deals simply and plainly with a number of people leading their lives under air raid conditions in a common room. Not a trace of moral concern is involved in the audience's reaction to the doctor who, in the midst of war work and novel writing, has an affair with a Dorchester belle before he decides that he really loves his wife, and is gratefully accepted back by her. Sex is so much taken for granted now that at no time does it obtrude into the somewhat sentimental unfolding of the play, although on the basis of pre-war morality, an adulterer-hero is scarcely conventional. Once this hero has decided to "keep fighting," the audience is content that the only significant issue has been resolved.

What the air war began, the necessity of having women in the services and in the factories has maintained and improved upon. That is the second major factor in the new morality. Women who do the work of men and share their risks are reluctant to play a subordinate role in their personal lives. They expect, and should receive, equivalent treatment. Ivor Brown wrote recently in the *Manchester Guardian*:

Modern war lets nobody off. There can no longer be things proper to men only. The Amazon is now neither a jest nor a poseuse; she is a martial necessity. All the social forces of our time combat and destroy the old notions of a divided world with its nice gradations of things right and proper. Men and women, cheated of their normal security and happiness and robbed of a natural way of life by the appalling and suicidal civilization which they have inherited, fight desperately for compensations. They refuse to grow old. They want what is vaguely known as "a good time."

It is quite true that this "good time" is still to a large extent in a nebulous and trivial stage. In London, there is a mad scramble to "have fun" on time off. The musical comedies, good, bad and indifferent, are jammed; if they can't be as bright as the New York shows, they can at least be as nude. The dance halls are crowded and liquor flows freely at high prices. News-stands are burdened with sex thrill-

ers, nudist magazines, Parisian postcards and other erotic delicatessen. Magazine displays around Piccadilly Circus comprise a number of sex pulps from the States — the sort of thing which made Mayor LaGuardia wrinkle his nose and yell for the cops.

The influx of Canadians, Australians, and now Americans, into this island has been the third urgent factor in the unmasking of sex. Troops will be troops and these nostril-quivering, hell-for-leather stalwarts are running the home-town boys a keen chase for the charm and beauty of the land. Indeed, the long list of English brides — assured of a post-war free trip to Canada with their Canadian spouses — grows longer day by day. The English version is rather different; I have heard curt references to larger pay allowances as an enhancement of Canuck appeal. Up to this writing, the Americans have only just got their bearings, and apart from numerous sighs for California, Carolina or Brooklyn lassies, heard at the Eagle Club near Charing Cross, there is no special orientation to report.

The plight of Allied lonelyhearts is mitigated by the ease with which social contact can be established. The how-dare-you-sir retort is out of fashion and many a friendship

blooms after the initial approach under a balmy Sunday sky in Hyde Park. The Yanks, never keen on talking about the weather, have altered the traditional formula to: "Nice war we're havin', eh babe?"

II

Sex is by no means limited to the hurly-burly of popular entertainment and a wartime reaction to peacetime inhibition. The authoritative London *Times*, flanked by other important newspapers, has wheeled its heavy artillery into action and gone to the attack. As the *Times* points out, sex is real and earnest and its purpose is to increase the declining British birth rate. Vital statistics show an alarming fall in productivity. Small wonder that an alarmed *Times* reader wrote: "Production of manpower takes longer than production of munitions. It is equally essential for the safety and maintenance of our national life. It must be urged now."

The signs here point to a rising tide of official interest in the whole question of checking the fall of the birth rate and the subject, in general, may be regarded as the fourth major factor in the new English candor on sex.

Britain must return to the large

family, say the commentators, although not as large, perhaps, as some in the fecund past when Benjamin Bathurst, who holds the English record, had thirty-six children by two wives, while the grandmother of Sir Stafford Cripps had nine, all of whom married and had an average of 5.5 children a marriage — Sir Stafford being one of fifty grandchildren of the original Cripps matriarch. The trouble is to convince the English woman of today that she should undertake to rear a spanking brood. In fact, there is no general agreement as to whether childbearing should be encouraged during wartime. It is pointed out that, besides depriving industry of a potential worker, the pregnant woman requires special attention, thereby reducing medical facilities which should be available for the war effort. If the birth rate were deliberately reduced by one-third for the duration of the war, a correspondent calculates, "we might gain the services of twenty-five thousand midwives, forty thousand nursery helpers and thirty-three thousand would-be mothers." Medical opinion feels that this would be a high price to pay and a calamitous risk to take in order to obtain less than a hundred thousand unskilled war workers. Official policy doesn't appear to be

particularly certain one way or the other.

There is a good deal of parliamentary talk about family allowances, and they are being raised a bit, but at the moment, there is no concerted drive to make parenthood attractive. The middle-class breadwinner complains of an insupportable tax burden, which allows him only about \$200 annual tax exemption for each child, and points out that, under the latest budget, the childless married couple, both working, has a tax-free income of the same amount as a family with two children, in which only the father works.

War naturally doesn't make the family problem any easier. The expectant mother finds the cost of confinement necessities exorbitant. It is by no means unusual to pay fifty to a hundred dollars for a second-hand baby carriage and the cost of crib, layette, etc., is considerable. Moreover, there are local problems to aggravate the situation. The influx of evacuees, soldiers' wives and war workers into the rural areas have crowded the maternity hospitals, while at the same time, women are afraid of having the baby at home lest a midwife be unavailable or be late in arrival because of the gas shortage or other war service reasons. The

mother finds household help difficult to procure during the lying-in period and even the traditional neighbor's aid is curtailed because of the extra burdens of war work.

But as Hitler and Mussolini found out, propaganda alone produces few babies. Experts here believe that the Nazis managed to get a slightly increased birth rate since 1933 chiefly by suppressing illegal abortions ruthlessly. They were estimated at one million a year in Germany before the dictatorship. An adequate system of family allowances and overall social services, including an extensive set-up of crèches and nursery schools, may help the cause along. It is necessary, the *News-Chronicle* says editorially, "to restore the bearing of children — at present the Cinderella of our social activities — to that foremost place which it ought properly to hold."

After the professors and editorial writers have had their say, the last word belongs to another *Times* letter writer, who signs herself "Parent of Six" and observes:

"The writers on the birth rate always make the production of children sound a dull affair. If someone would get up and shout out what fun it is to have a family, the young married people might listen."

CUTTEN OF COLGATE

BY DEXTER HOYT TEED

THIS is the story of a college president who stood before crowds and shouted:

"Democracy . . . is the penalizing of giants and the rewarding of pee-wees!"

"If all men were created equal there would never be a winner in a foot-race."

"All jobs worth doing are one-man jobs."

"People not only have a distaste for governing themselves, but they like to have others govern them. Democracy is not the government of the future."

This man is a big man. He is a strong man. According to Mike Murphy, famous trainer, he has "the finest all-around physique that ever laid on a Yale rubbing table." He is a brilliant man, with a Phi Beta Kappa key and a long string of college degrees. He is a man who knows how to get things done; how to build solid masonry; and how to balance budgets. But he is a lonely man. He became so lonely in his later years that he took to collecting spoons, and —

wouldn't you know it? — became the most successful of all spoon collectors. Though he is the most successful president Colgate University has ever had, there probably won't be many sincere expressions of regret when he retires next August 31.

Even the dogs on the Colgate campus will be glad to see him go. Dogs never liked Dr. George Barton Cutten, because Dr. Cutten never liked dogs, especially those unlucky enough to wander into college buildings. The very sight of a wire-haired terrier's utilizing a Colgate fire plug or frolicking on the Colgate grass would cause the bristles to rise on Dr. Cutten's stocky neck. He would snarl, bellow, and go a-charging after the terrier with such ferocity that the dog would run, yelping, for the protection of his master.

It was in the fall of 1922 that Dr. Cutten strode into the Chenango Valley to bring Order to the tangled affairs of the little college at Hamilton, New York. He had been a Baptist preacher and president of

Acadia College in Nova Scotia. Bulging-chested, weighing 220 pounds, he was the descendant of lusty sea captains. He was known as a Strong Man, and since Colgate's affairs had suffered from too gentle a hand on the tiller, the announcement of his selection by James Colby Colgate, patron of the university and president of the board of trustees, was generally approved.

In his first speech to the students Dr. Cutten waved aside formalities and plunged into an address on "The Reconstruction of Democracy." He said, in effect, that the people were too stupid to govern themselves and, therefore, must be governed by their superiors. The speech was his text throughout his twenty-year reign at Colgate. Even if some of the accoutrements of democracy were evident, he has never allowed them to interfere. He has been an absolute ruler, regarding opposition as something to be overridden. His relationship to the faculty has been about the same as that of Hitler to the Reichstag.

Having written a book on the *Psychology of Alcoholism*, Dr. Cutten made it his second duty to warn his students about the evils of drink. He had heard of gay beer parties held on the campus while his predecessor was president, and some of his advisers had told him

about home brew and country speakeasies. He was stern and serious when he started to speak in Memorial Chapel. Eloquent, because he thoroughly believed in his subject, he used many incidents to prove the nefarious effects of alcohol. The students listened intently. But the climax caused a sensation.

"Any man who drinks a glass of beer is for all practical purposes a potential drunkard and should be dropped from the university," he said severely and dramatically — and sat down.

A moment of awkward silence ensued; then boos resounded through the chapel. These boos echoed through Cutten's twenty years at Colgate. One fall he welcomed the freshmen with a speech entitled "Meet a Prohibitionist." He said:

"Prohibition may not be the answer — I admit that. However, even the short trial of Prohibition proved it to be the best method of handling the problem. No piece of legislation ever had a more unfair trial."

As an executive Dr. Cutten was not long in "getting results." For years there had been annual deficits which had been systematically retired by contributions from members of the Colgate family. But Dr. Cutten moved to eliminate the

deficits. Over a period of years he succeeded in raising the tuition from \$90 to \$200 a semester. He cut budgets in every department. Complaints only made his eyes blaze behind his glasses.

He also showed his business acumen in handling the changing faculty. Whenever a well-paid faculty member retired or left, he usually replaced him with a young Ph.D. just out of college. Thus he was able to replace a \$5000-a-year veteran with a \$2000 beginner. The saving went to balance the budget. When instructors became so outstanding that they were sought by other institutions at higher salaries, he seldom met the higher figure. The university lost a number of prominent professors for this reason, and these were duly replaced by young instructors. At one time the average age of the faculty was said to be 33 years.

But Dr. Cutten built new buildings, saw the student body grow and pay more tuition, and balanced Colgate's budget during seventeen of his twenty years as king of Colgate.

II

At 68 today, Dr. Cutten has outdone Bernarr MacFadden as the exponent of the strong body. As a

football player at Yale, he was a Neolithic Age giant; a bruising, fighting center whose terrific charges flattened less husky men. In his reminiscent moods he has often referred to those days when men were men and no tactics were barred. He talks with relish of bloody combats in which every play began with clenched fists ready to slash at an opposing jaw.

He has never worn an overcoat, even in the coldest weather. Colgate men never forget the sight of him striding over the frosty campus, the thermometer registering 20 below, steam clouds of breath billowing from his deep chest, his shoulders back and his thick legs propelling him at a brisk pace. Physically, he has been and remains a Superman.

Dr. Cutten's slogan has been "more athletics, not less," and he has sincerely promoted all kinds of sports and physical education. His twenty-year goal of "athletics for all" was nearly reached last year when it was claimed that 90 per cent of all Colgate students participated in some form of athletics.

Dick Harlow, present Harvard coach, took over football coaching at Colgate the same year that Dr. Cutten became president. They soon became good friends. Before every game Harlow and the presi-

dent would kneel and pray for victory. Then Harlow would go to the dressing room, describe those moments of prayer, and tears would come into the eyes of the warriors. They would rush out onto the field, eager to tear the opponents apart. But on Mondays, if the team happened to lose, the language used by the emotional Harlow was in marked contrast to the humble attitude of prayer, although he used some of the same words.

When Andy Kerr, hard-bitten little Scot, came to Colgate as head coach and immediately began turning out great teams, Dr. Cutten was quick to capitalize on the publicity. He lauded football as the he-man's game. He said it was the typically American game and that it expressed his own dog-eat-dog, survival-of-the-fittest philosophy.

Once, however, the president let his hard-boiled attitude lead him into a remark which many Colgate men resented — although some sensed in it the man's awareness of his unpopularity. In the spring of 1925, Harry Roll, one of the best-liked men on the campus, was practicing sprints on the Whitnall Field track when he was struck by lightning. Carried to the home of Professor Harold O. Whitnall across the street, Roll lay motionless. Physicians were called, while Jack

Rourke, track coach, worked frantically to resuscitate Roll. But it was no use. He was dead. Naturally, Dr. Cutten was notified. He strode up just as an undertaker was moving the body. Rourke and Roll's closest pals were standing around with tears in their eyes. Dr. Cutten's first remark was almost an index to his life.

"This is one thing they can't blame me for," he said gruffly.

For ten years after he came to Colgate Dr. Cutten made critical speeches about democracy, the threat of leisure, rugged individualism, and, of course, prohibition, but not until the New Deal became a reality did his wrath reach its height. No one can recall his ever saying anything good about the New Deal.

Of social legislation, he said: "It is begging the unfit to become more unfit and encouraging the fit to stop the struggle and vegetate."

He admitted: "There are not enough big men to go around. The rugged individualist must tread the wine press alone. It is a lonely life but it is comparatively easy for him to keep in step. His journey may lead him to Calvary, but in so doing it leads to immortality in the history of the race." The retired Dean William H. Crawshaw picked him up on that statement.

"There are all kinds of rugged individualists," he replied. "Al Capone is one of the best examples." But Dr. Cutten turned to the Scriptures for further inspiration: "Lord, give us more hard times," he pleaded. "Man has always had to be kicked upstairs." He referred to social parasitism as "that dread disease threatening to destroy the life of the nation," and he said "the attempt is being made to make parasites out of the whole nation."

When Roosevelt was elected the second time, the full fury of his anger flared forth. "In the last election the true artist came forth," he insisted. "This was the man who bribed the people with their own money. Compared with this, the stealing of candy from a baby was a dangerous and arduous adventure, for we were not only bribed with our own money but liked it. The psychologist who opined that the average mentality of the people was nearly up to the twelve-year-level was a poor judge of distance."

Dr. Cutten railed at dictatorship. He feared that Roosevelt wanted to be a dictator. "A dictatorship is not an accomplishment, it is a disease," he said. "The symptoms of it are felonious fingers and personified italics.

"America's freedom is in jeopardy today," he added, "but the threat comes not from abroad but from the arrogant dictatorship of the New Deal. All over the world might has triumphed. Kindness and love have become obsolete words. Peace pleas have attracted as little attention as *Robert's Rules of Order* at Macy's bargain counter."

Of security, he said: "There is only one basis of security for either the individual or the nation, and that is independence, self-reliance and determination to win on the part of the people." And of communism: "As an iridescent dream communism ranks high, but as a working society it has never reached Class B." He defined a communist as "a socialist without a sense of humor," and said that "communism is a fig leaf for dictatorship."

The one speech that attracted most attention concerned philanthropists and physicians.

"Modern medicine and modern philanthropy coupled with unlimited sympathy turned back the clock and set the race on the return journey," he said bluntly. "Philanthropists and doctors are doing everything in their power to preserve the unfit."

After this statement, the *Chris-*

tian Science Monitor called him a pagan and a devotee of German Kultur, but he was widely applauded in many publications.

In his efforts to "build Colgate," Dr. Cutten was handicapped by his stern Puritan outlook. Whenever he was in a group of successful businessmen who might contribute millions to his school, the question of a cocktail would invariably come up. When it did he snorted a "No!" which hardly contributed to good fellowship.

The most celebrated instance of this kind happened in a New York hotel when Dorothy Thompson, who had been invited to speak at a Colgate banquet, was asked if she would like a Martini. She was sitting with several trustees and their wives and Dr. Cutten. "No," Miss Thompson answered, and while Dr. Cutten was beaming approval, she added: "Make mine a double bourbon." Dr. Cutten glared at her. She hasn't spoken at a Colgate banquet since.

III

After his children grew up and moved away, Dr. Cutten and his wife were much alone in his large, rambling home on College Hill. Had he possessed any tendency to weakness or softness, he might have

been popular, for he was never lacking in humor and his wit was keen, though sharp. He liked a good story, even the type that begins "once there was a traveling salesman."

His loneliness was undoubtedly the reason why he developed the hobby of collecting silver spoons and other silver pieces. He became an authority and now can look at a piece and tell whether it was fashioned by Nicholas Roosevelt in 1739 or by Bartholomew Leroux in 1710. For years he has haunted obscure pawn shops and jewelry stores, searching for silver.

Once, notified that an obscure jeweler in Utica, New York, had some rare old pieces, he went to the man's shop. In the meantime, a friend in Hamilton, knowing he was to visit the store, decided to play a prank. He called the jeweler and told him that if a man named Cutten came in the shop there was only one way to treat him. "Offer him a big drink at once," he told the jeweler. When Dr. Cutten entered and introduced himself, the jeweler rushed to the back room and returned with a tumbler half full of whiskey. The president's face flushed, and he pushed it away. But he didn't march out of the store. Instead, he remained to punish the jeweler. He later told

friends that he drove the hardest bargains of his life, and bought ancient spoons for a fraction of what they were worth as antiques.

His relations with the people of Hamilton have been largely casual, though with the Baptists at the prim, New England-type church, he has been more human and friendly. Some of the Baptists have learned to like him in spite of his bluntness. His religion is of the old-time variety. There is little place in it for the weak, for, even if he pitied the less fortunate, which has never been proved, his mania for rugged individualism has made it impossible for him to express such a belief. He apparently has, however, a deep appreciation for religion, as one of his more pointed comments will indicate:

"Religion goes beyond science and philosophy, but it includes and does not contradict them."

As the years have passed there are some who believe that the lusty president has softened to some degree. This group is not large, though, for there are no signs of senility even if he is approaching seventy. It is true, however, that he has lost some of his battles, and the zest for conflict may not be as keen.

Behind him, when he leaves, will be a changed university, undoubt-

edly stronger than ever. In his twenty years he has restored Order, doubled the assets, built six new buildings, and greatly increased the university land holdings. In addition, he has installed "The Colgate Plan" for giving students more personal instruction and more freedom in selecting their courses of study. Educators agree that this is one of the most progressive steps taken in overhauling our college system. Certainly, Dr. Cutten has proved that the iron hand pays material dividends.

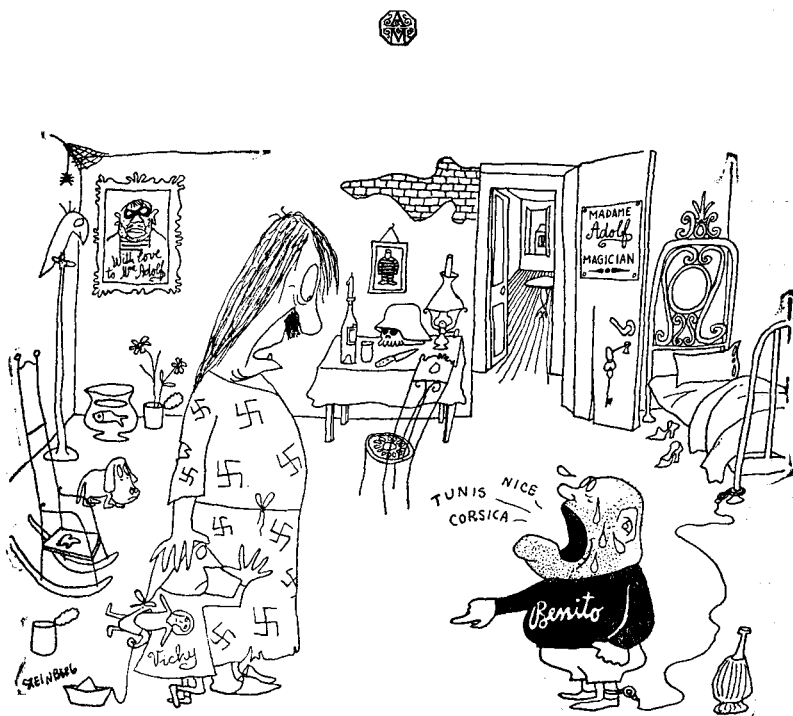
When he has gone there will be one evidence of humanness about him which will be remembered. Every day, in winter or summer, he has visited the little cemetery on College Hill which adjoins the first green of the golf course. Nothing stops him if he is in Hamilton. Pouring rain doesn't matter. He goes to the cemetery, drops to one knee and prays at the grave of his daughter, Margarita Joy, who died several years ago.

In his farewell speech, he will probably give his students advice such as this: "It doesn't matter what you study, so long as you hate it." Then, if he stays in character, he will observe that "a college president has no friends" and that "good men are usually discovered and announced to the

world by their enemies." For these are his expressed beliefs.

The late Dr. Walter Cramp, '00, once president of the alumni corporation, showed that he understood Dr. Cutten. One night, while sipping a drink in Colgate Inn, he remarked: "I wonder what Doc Cutten is doing at this moment?" This gave him an idea, and he went promptly to the Cutten

home to see for himself. When he returned, he said: "I found the president all alone in that big house. He was in a room on the second floor looking over some of his old spoons. As I saw the expression on his face with all its implications of terrible craving for human companionship, I felt sorry for the old boy for the first time in my life."



"Shut up, you brat, I have troubles enough without you!"

HE SWUNG AND HE MISSED

A Story

BY NELSON ALGREN

IT WAS Miss Donahue of Public School 24 who finally urged Rocco, in his fifteenth year, out of eighth grade and into the world. She had watched him fighting, at recess times, from his sixth year on. The kindergarten had had no recesses or it would have been from his fifth year. She had nurtured him personally through four trying semesters and so it was with something like enthusiasm that she wrote in his autograph book, the afternoon of graduation day, "Trusting that Rocco will make good."

Ultimately, Rocco did. In his own way. He stepped from the schoolroom into the ring back of the Happy Hour Bar in a catch-weight bout with an eight-dollar purse, winner take all. Rocco took it.

Uncle Mike Adler, local promoter, called the boy Young Rocco after that one and the name stuck. He fought through the middle-weights and into the light-heavies,

while his purses increased to as much as sixty dollars and expenses. In his nineteenth year he stopped growing, his purses stopped growing, and he married a girl called Lili.

He didn't win every one after that, somehow, and by the time he was twenty-two, he was losing as often as he won. He fought on. It was all he could do. He never took a dive; he never had a set-up or soft touch. He stayed away from whiskey; he never gambled; he went to bed early before every bout and he loved his wife. He fought in a hundred corners of the city, under a half-dozen managers, and he fought every man he was asked to, at any hour. He substituted, for better men, on as little as two hours' notice. He never ran out on a fight and he was never put down for a ten-count. He took beatings from the best in the business. But he never stayed down for ten.

He fought a comer from the

coast one night and took the worst beating of his career. But he was on his feet at the end. With a jaw broken in three places.

After that one, he was hospitalized for three months and Lili went to work in a factory. She wasn't a strong girl and he didn't like it that she had to work. But he had no choice. When he was ready again, he started all over: he stepped into the ring before his jaw was as ready as he was. He lost.

Yet even when he lost, the crowds liked him. They heckled when he was introduced as Young Rocco, because he looked like thirty-four before he was twenty-six. Most of his hair had gone during his lay-off and scar tissue over the eyes made him look less and less like a young anything. Friends came, friends left, money came in, was lost, was saved; he got the break on an occasional decision, and was occasionally robbed of a duke he'd earned. All things changed but his weight, which was 174, and his wife, who was Lili. And his record of never having been put down for ten. That stood, like his name. Which was forever Young Rocco.

That stuck to him like nothing else in the world but Lili.

At the end, which came when he was twenty-nine, all he had left

was his record and his girl. Being twenty-nine, one of that pair had to go. He went six weeks without earning a dime before he came to that realization. When he found her wearing a pair of his old tennis shoes about the house, to save the heels of her only decent pair of shoes, he made up his mind.

Maybe Young Rocco wasn't the smartest pug in town, but he wasn't the punchiest either. Just because there was a dent in his face and a bigger one in his wallet, it didn't follow that his brain was dented. It wasn't. He knew what the score was. And he loved his girl.

He came into Uncle Mike's office looking for a fight and Mike was good enough not to ask what kind he wanted. He had a twenty-year-old named Solly Classki that he was bringing along under the billing of Kid Class. There was money back of the boy, no chances were to be taken. If Rocco was ready to dive, he had the fight. Uncle Mike put no pressure on Rocco. There were two light-heavyweights out in the gym ready to jump at the chance to dive for Solly Classki. All Rocco had to say was okay. His word was good enough for Uncle Mike. Rocco said it. And left the gym with the biggest purse of his career, and the first he'd gotten in advance, in his

pocket: four twenties and two tens.

He gave Lili every dime of that money, and when he handed it over, he knew he was only doing the right thing for her. He had earned the right to sell out and he had sold. The ring owed him more than a C-note, he reflected soundly, and added loudly, "I'll stop the boy dead in his tracks."

They were both happy that night. Rocco had never been happier since Graduation Day.

II

He had a headache all the way to the City Garden that night, but it lessened a little in the shadowed dressing room under the stands. The moment he saw the lights of the ring, as he came down the littered aisle alone, the ache sharpened once more.

Slouched unhappily in his corner for the windup, he watched the lights overhead swaying a little, and closed his eyes. When he opened them, a slow dust was rising toward the lights. He saw it sweep suddenly, swift and sidewise, high over the ropes and out across the dark and watchful rows. Below him, someone pushed the warning buzzer.

He looked through Kid Class as they touched gloves, and glared suddenly over the boy's head while

Ryan, the ref, hurried through his stuff about a clean break in the clinches. He felt the robe being taken from his shoulders, and suddenly, in that one brief moment before the bell, felt more tired than he ever had in a ring before. He went out in a half-crouch and someone called out, "Cut him down, Solly."

He backed to make the boy lead, and then came in long enough to flick his left twice into the teeth and skitter away. The bleachers whooped, sensing blood. He'd give them their money's worth for a couple rounds, anyhow. No use making it look too bad.

In the middle of the second round, he began sensing that the boy was telegraphing his right by pulling his left shoulder, and stepped in to trap it. The boy's left came back bloody and Rocco knew he'd been hit by the way the bleachers began again. It didn't occur to him that it was time to dive; he didn't even remember. Instead, he saw the boy telegraphing the right once more, and the left protecting the heart slipping loosely down toward the navel, the telltale left shoulder hunching — only it wasn't down, it wasn't a right. It wasn't to the heart. The boy's left snapped like a hurled rock between his eyes and he groped blindly for the other's

arms, digging his chin sharply into the shoulder, hating the six-bit bunch out there for thinking he could be hurt so soon. He shoved the boy off, flashed his left twice into the teeth, burned him skillfully against the middle rope, and heeled him sharply as they broke. Then he skittered easily away, his face impassive. And the bell.

Down front, Mike Adler's eyes followed Rocco back to his corner. Uncle Mike looked worried.

Rocco came out for the third, fighting straight up, watching Solly's gloves coming languidly out of the other corner, dangling loosely a moment in the glare, and a flat-iron smashed in under his heart so that he remembered, with sagging surprise, that he'd already been paid off. He caught his breath while following the indifferent gloves, thinking vaguely of Lili in oversize tennis shoes. The gloves drifted backward and dangled loosely with little to do but catch light idly four feet away. The right broke again beneath his heart and he grunted in spite of himself; the boy's close-cropped head followed in, cockily, no higher than Rocco's chin but coming neckless straight down to the shoulders. And the gloves were gone again. The boy was faster than he looked. Rocco knew he didn't have to dive. The boy

would take care of that. And the pain in his head settled down to a steady beating between the eyes.

The great strength of a fighting man is his pride. That was Young Rocco's strength in the rounds that followed. The boy called Kid Class couldn't keep him down. He was down in the fourth, twice in the fifth, and again in the seventh. In that round, he stood with his back against the ropes, standing the boy off with his left in the seconds before the bell. He had the trick of looking impassive when he was hurt and his face at the bell looked as impassive as a catcher's mitt.

Between that round and the eighth, Uncle Mike climbed into the ring beside Young Rocco. He said nothing. Just stood there looking down. He thought Rocco might have forgotten. He'd had four chances to stay down and he hadn't taken one. Rocco looked up. His eyes were clear. His brain was clear. "I'm clear as a bell," he told Uncle Mike, and shook his head. He hadn't forgotten a thing.

Uncle Mike climbed back into his seat, resigned to anything that might happen. He understood better than Young Rocco. Rocco couldn't stay down until his knees would fail to bring him up. Uncle Mike sighed. He decided he liked Young Rocco. Somehow, he didn't

feel as sorry for him as he had in the gym.

"I hope he makes it," he found himself hoping. The crowd felt differently. They had seen the lean and scarred Italian drop his man here twenty times before, the way he was trying to keep from being dropped himself now. They felt it was his turn. They were standing up in the rows to see it. The dust came briefly between. A tired moth struggled lamely upward toward the lights. And the bell.

Ryan came over between rounds, hooked Rocco's head back with a crooked forefinger on the chin, after Rocco's Negro handler had stopped the bleeding with collodion, and muttered something about the thing going too far. Rocco spat.

"Awright, Solly, drop it on him," someone called across the ropes.

It sounded, somehow, like money to Rocco. It sounded like somebody was being shortchanged out there.

But Solly looked too tired to drop it on anyone in the eighth. He stayed away, hands low, until the round was half gone. Then he was wide with a right, held and butted as they broke; Rocco felt the blood and got rid of some of it on the boy's left breast. He trapped the boy's left, rapping the kidneys

fast before grabbing the arms again, and pressed his nose firmly into the hollow of the other's throat to arrest its bleeding. Felt the blood trickling into the hollow there as into a tiny cup. Rocco put his feet together and a glove on both of Kid Class's shoulders, and shoved him sullenly away. And must have looked strong doing it, for he heard the crowd murmur a little. He was in Solly's corner at the bell and moved back to his own corner with his head held high, to control the bleeding. When his handler stopped it again, he knew, at last, that his own pride was double-crossing him. And felt glad for that much. Let them worry out there in the rows. He'd been shortchanged since Graduation Day; let them be on the short end tonight. He had the hundred — he'd get a job in a garage and forget every one of them.

III

It wasn't until the tenth and final round that Rocco realized he wanted to kayo the boy — because it wasn't until then that he realized he could. Why not do the thing up right? He felt his tiredness fall from him like an old cloak at the idea. This was his fight, his round. He'd end like he'd started, as a fighting

man. And saw Kid Class shuffling his shoulders forward uneasily. The boy would be a full-sized heavy in another six months. He bulled him into the ropes and felt the boy fade sidewise. Rocco caught him off-balance with his left, hook-fashion, into the short-ribs. The boy chopped back with his left uncertainly, as though he might have jammed the knuckles, and held. In a half-rolling clinch along the ropes, he saw Solly's mouthpiece projecting, slipping halfway in and halfway out, and then swallowed in again with a single tortured twist of the lips. He got an arm loose and banged the boy back of the ear with an overhand right that must have looked funny because the crowd laughed a little. Solly smeared his glove across his nose, came halfway in and changed his mind, left himself wide and was almost steady until Rocco feinted him into a knot and brought the right looping from the floor with even his toes behind it.

Solly stepped in to let it breeze past, and hooked his right hard to the button. Then the left. Rocco's mouthpiece went spinning in an arc into the lights. Then the right.

Rocco spun halfway around, then stood looking sheepishly out at the rows. Kid Class saw only his man's back; Rocco was out on his

feet, back turned. He walked slowly along the ropes, tapping them idly with his glove and smiling vacantly down at the newspapermen, who smiled back. Solly looked at Ryan. Ryan nodded toward Rocco. Kid Class came up fast behind his man and threw the left under the armpit flush onto the point of the chin. Rocco went forward on the ropes and hung there, his chin catching the second strand, and hung on and on, like a man decapitated.

He came to in the locker room under the stands, watching the steam swimming about the pipes directly overhead. Uncle Mike was somewhere near, telling him he had done fine, and then he was alone. They were all gone then, all the six-bit hecklers and the iron-throated boys in the sixty-cent seats. He rose heavily and dressed slowly, feeling a long relief that he'd come to the end. He'd done it the hard way, but he'd done it. Let them all go.

He was fixing his tie, taking more time with it than it required, when she knocked. He called to her to come in. She had never seen him fight, but he knew she must have listened on the radio or she wouldn't be down now.

She tested the adhesive over his

right eye timidly, fearing to hurt him with her touch, but wanting to be sure it wasn't loose.

"I'm okay," he assured her easily. "We'll celebrate a little 'n forget the whole business." It wasn't until he kissed her that her eyes avoided him; it wasn't till then that he saw she was trying not to cry. He patted her shoulder.

"There's nothin' wrong, Lil' — a couple days rest 'n I'll be in the pink again."

Then saw it wasn't that after all.

"You told me you'd win," the girl told him. "I put the whole damn bankroll on you. We ain't got a crying dime."

Rocco didn't blow up. He just felt a little sick. Sicker than he had ever felt in his life. He walked

away from the girl and sat on the rubbing table, studying the floor. She had sense enough not to bother him until he'd realized what the score was. Then he looked up, studying her from foot to head. His eyes didn't rest on her face: they went back to her feet. To the scarred toes of the only decent shoes; and a shadow passed over his heart. Then he looked up and grinned. A wide, white grin.

That was all she needed to know it was okay after all. She went to him so he could tell her how okay it really was.

That was like Young Rocco, from Graduation Day. He always did it the hard way; but he did it. Miss Donahue herself would have been proud.

THE VILLAGE

FRONTING a battered street the houses show
Their cold unsavory eyes; a tall mist sheds
Its coat on elms. And all we wish to know
Breaks through the dawn that shatters overhead.

I feel no bond to this numb loneliness
Common with forms in still convention here.
A sky with light has flowered to express
The busy gust of time through which they peer.

A raucous welcome shivers the cold mist
With cheating platitudes. I am not proud
Strolling by house and lawn. With a blind fist
The sun above pummels the gray-wet cloud.

—DANIEL SMYTHE

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INFLATION AND YOU

BY LUDWIG VON MISES

THERE has been so much learned talk about the threats and dire consequences of inflation that plain folks begin to be suspicious. Did not the economists of the 'twenties, except for a few outsiders whom the others scorned as orthodox doctrinarians, forecast everlasting prosperity? What if their present fears are no better founded than their optimism fifteen years ago? The layman therefore has the right to ask the specialist to explain the matter and to do so in simple terms. We economists should not be exempted indefinitely from the obligation to make ourselves understood which is accepted by doctors, engineers and other scientists. The obligation is clear-cut in the matter of inflation, an economic problem as close to every American as his own skin.

Everybody knows that inflation consists of a large increase in the quantity of money and money substitutes — such as bank credits — available. In a country like the United States, which transacts so

much of its business by checks and through bank credits, the main vehicle of inflation is not so much the printing of additional paper money as the increase of deposit currency. Everybody also knows that a general rise of prices and of wages is the unavoidable and inescapable result of inflation. Most people realize, finally, that price control is a quite ineffective method of controlling prices and wages when inflation is going on; at best, it is a temporary expedient to break or postpone the force of inflationary effects.

There is widespread ignorance, however, concerning the social implications of inflation. How will it affect you personally — if you are a professional man, a worker, a farmer? What will it do to your possessions, your debts, your insurance policies?

The first fact that needs to be noted in answering such questions is that inflation is detrimental to all creditors. The higher prices rise, the lower falls the purchasing power of the principal and the in-

terest payments. The dollar which was loaned had a higher purchasing ability, could provide more goods, than the dollar which is paid back.

And who is a creditor? Does the thing touch only businessmen and financiers? Nothing of the sort. You who read these lines are certainly a creditor. Every person who has a legal claim to deferred payments of any kind is a creditor. If you have a savings account with a bank, if you own bonds, if you are entitled to a pension, if you have paid for an insurance policy — you are a creditor, and hence directly hit by inflation.

Professional men, civil servants, commissioned officers of the armed forces, teachers, most white-collar workers, salaried employes, skilled specialists, mechanics and engineers normally provide for their own old age and for their dependents in ways that make them creditors — that is, through savings, insurance, pensions and annuities. Social security, moreover, has brought the great masses of ordinary workers into the ranks of creditors. For all these millions of people, every further step towards inflation means a further decline in the real value of the claims or credits they have saved up by years of toil and sacrifice. They will collect the number of dollars to which

they are entitled — but each of those dollars will be thinner than it used to be, capable of providing them with less food, clothes and shelter.

The loss of the creditor, of course, is the profit of the debtor. The man who borrowed a thousand or a million full-sized dollars pays off with a thousand or a million depreciated dollars. The mortgages on farms and on real estate, the debts owed by industrial enterprises, all shrink as inflation proceeds. A comparatively small group of debtors is thus favored at the expense of the teeming groups of creditors.

The most fateful results of inflation derive from the fact that the rise of prices and wages which it causes occurs at different times and in different measure for various kinds of commodities and labor. Some classes of prices and wages rise more quickly and to a steeper level than others. Not merely inflation itself, but the unevenness of the thing works havoc.

While inflation is under way, some people enjoy the benefit of higher prices on the goods or the services they *sell*, while the prices on goods and services they *buy* have not yet risen or have not risen to the same extent. These people profiteer from their fortunate posi-

tion. Inflation seems to them "good business," or a "boom." But their gains are always derived from the losses of other sections of the population. The losers are those in the unhappy situation of selling services or commodities whose prices have not yet risen in the same degree as prices for the things they buy for daily consumption.

These victims, by and large, are the same kind of people — roughly, the middle classes — who are injured as creditors through the depreciation of their bank savings, policies, pensions, etc. The salaries of teachers and ministers, the fees of doctors, go up only slowly as compared to the tempo with which prices of food, rent, clothes and so on go up. There is always a considerable time-lag between the increase in the money income of the white-collar workers and professional people and the increase in costs of food, clothes and other necessities.

II

Has the average man any means of evading the detrimental effects of inflation?

Those insured, or entitled to pensions or social security benefits, cannot avoid being victimized. But the picture is not much brighter

for other groups of creditors. Of course, the bondholder may sell his bonds and the bank depositor may withdraw his balance. But if they keep the money, they are no less subject to the harmful effects of the fall in purchasing power. In other words, the dollar continues to evaporate whether it is resting in a bank, in a bond, or in a strong-box at home.

For the Europeans struck by the great inflations of World War I and its aftermath, there was a simple means of escape. They needed only to change their local currencies for the money of a country with a sound currency; they bought dollars or they bought gold. It might be illegal, but it worked. For Americans, no such remedy is available. If the dollar goes bad, no foreign currency can conceivably prove better. At the same time, the American government has closed this avenue of escape by forbidding its citizens to own gold coins or ingots.

You may buy a farm. But that is a remedy only if you become a farmer and till the soil with your own hands. Otherwise, it is a remedy not for yourself but for the tenant who works the farm. It may be expected reasonably that, in the course of inflation, new laws will safeguard tenants — whether on

farms or in residences — against rises in rent. In European inflations, rents were always restricted by legislation.

You may buy a home for yourself and your family. But in a period of inflation, economic conditions change swiftly and in unexpected ways. You cannot foresee whether it will be necessary suddenly to change your place of residence and employment. Then you will have to sell the house — renting it is almost useless — and experience proves that such forced sales rarely bring the amounts laid out for acquiring the property.

You may buy common stock. But the experts are convinced that taxation will confiscate not only the profits but a good deal of the capital invested, too. While the prices of all commodities are rising, stock market quotations still cling more or less to pre-inflation levels. This means that in owning common stock you are not much better protected than in owning bonds.

You may buy jewelry and other valuables. But you can hardly expect to sell these at a later date for what you paid for them. Nobody knows in advance how the market conditions for any given valuable will develop. Diamonds and rubies, for instance, may hold much of their value. But what if the owners

of the largest hoards of precious stones should unload them because of changing political or social conditions?

Neither is it possible to escape the detrimental effects of the time-lag between the rise of different prices and wages. Trade union policies are futile in this connection. As long as the war is going on, labor may succeed in obtaining, at least for some groups, wages which correspond to the rise of commodity prices, but sooner or later they will face the choice between a sharp decline in wages and the maintenance of high wage levels with long-lasting unemployment for millions. In the long run, inflation hurts the interests of all groups of labor, as of the middle classes.

There is only one class which, as a whole, derives profit from inflation: the indebted farmers. Their mortgages are wiped out and the products of their own toil bring higher returns corresponding to the higher prices they must pay for things they purchase. The owners of really large fortunes, too, may succeed in preserving a greater or smaller portion of their wealth, but inflation results in the consumption of a good deal of a nation's capital stock. Even if some special groups profit, the whole country is poorer.

Worse than the immediate eco-

conomic consequences of inflation are its attendant moral and political dangers.

It has been asserted that Nazism is the fruit of the vast German inflation of 1923. That is not quite correct. It would be more just to say that the great inflation and the Nazi scourge both derived from the mentalities and the doctrines that long dominated German public opinion. The State, which Ferdinand Lassalle had already proclaimed as god, was supposed to be able to achieve anything. The omnipotent State was credited with the magic power of unlimited spending without any burden on the citizenry. Money, said the German cranks, is a creature of the State — no harm in issuing infinite quantities of paper currency.

Such superstitions are fortunately strange to the healthy common sense of America. Inflation, therefore, will never go as far in this country as it did in Germany. Even a much more moderate inflation, however, shakes the foundations of a country's social structure. The millions who see themselves deprived of security and well-being become desperate. The realization that they have lost all or most of what they had set aside for a rainy day radicalizes their entire outlook. They tend to fall easy

prey to adventurers aiming at dictatorship, and to charlatans offering patent-medicine solutions. The sight of some people profiteering while the rest suffer infuriates them. The effect of such experience is especially strong among the youth. They scorn those who try to teach them "old-fashioned" morality and thrift.

III

The writer, having witnessed the course of inflations in one European nation after another, believes that it is not too late to stop further inflation in the United States by bold and painful measures. Inflation is not an act of God. It is a result of the methods used to provide a part of the means for the conduct of the war. One set of methods can be replaced by another, less harmful set. It is still possible to keep down the amount of money and money substitutes *by financing the total amount necessary through taxation and loans.*

People sometimes call inflation a special way of "taxing" a country's citizens. This is a dangerous opinion, wholly untrue. Inflation is not a method of taxation, but an alternative for taxation. When a government imposes taxes, it has full control: it can tax and distribute

the burden in whatever way it considers fair and desirable, allotting a larger share of the load to those who are better able to carry, reducing the burden on the less fortunate. But in the case of inflation, we start a mechanism that is beyond our control. Not the government but the operation of the price system decides how much this or that group shall suffer.

And there is another important difference: Taxes flow completely into the vaults of the public treasury. But with inflation, the loss of the individual citizen does not equal the gain of the public treasury, since a considerable part of that loss is drained off by the profiteers, i.e., the minority which benefits from inflation.

It is no less fallacious to consider inflation as a method of raising loans for public use. Technically, inflation does increase the total of the government's indebtedness to the banks. The banks' intervention, however, is only instrumental. They do not grant the loans to the government out of their own funds or out of money deposited by the public; they grant it out of their excess reserves. In other words, they merely expand their credit and thus increase the quantity of money substitutes.

So-called excess reserves in banks

are not a tangible thing but a phrase indicating the limits within which the law is prepared to tolerate credit expansion, which is to say further inflation. The effects of loans from available excess reserves are the same as the effects of issuing more paper money. It is a mistake to confuse this borrowing from the excess reserves of the banks with genuine loans. When you buy a government bond, you put part of your cash holdings into the hands of the treasury; there is no increase in the total quantity of currency or credits available and hence no inflation.

It is clear and indubitable that the efforts of the American government to collect the means necessary for the conduct of the war by taxation and by sale of government bonds represent sound measures for heading off inflation.

Popular education is absolutely essential. Everybody should be made to understand that the burden of high taxes and government loans is a minor evil compared to the inexorable consequences of inflation. Not only for the sake of the national welfare, but in line with your own interests, you should do your best to arrest the further progress of inflation. This is true whether you are rich or poor, employer or wage earner.

► *The era of white domination
in the Far East is ended.*

ASIA FOR THE ASIATICS?

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

IT WAS in the revolutionary year of 1927 that Eugene Chen, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Nationalist Government of China, asserted most effectively that the white man must give up his overlordship in China. Chen had little enough to support him against the might of Great Britain. The Chinese Army at that time was a rag-tail, rebellious force led by Chinese and Russians, a quarrelsome army of little discipline. Yet it was successful against other Chinese armies and against the white man's policy because it represented an ideal understood by the masses of Chinese people — the ideal of China for the Chinese.

That was the real power behind Eugene Chen's bold demands and the British caved in before that power. They surrendered their concessions at Hankow, Kiukiang and in other Yangtze cities. They gave up control of the Chinese court in Shanghai. They surrendered control of China's customs and other fiscal institutions. They, and the other powers, were forced to agree

to tariff autonomy for China. They began to negotiate for the abolition of extraterritoriality.

All of Asia was profoundly aware of this great movement in China. Japan had gained freedom from white domination and control by remodelling herself in the Western image and by fighting wars against China in 1894 and Russia in 1905. No other Asiatic power, except Turkey, had altogether freed itself from European dominance. Asia, the mother of civilization, seemed everlastingly doomed to be fettered by the force and speed of the white man's world. Yet, here was China, the weakest of Asiatics, freeing herself by the sheer will to be free. We who watched these events close at hand realized that new aspirations had been released to stir the whole Asiatic world.

In this hour of crisis, when new world relations are emerging, it would be bottomless folly for us to pretend to disregard those aspirations. Japan corrupts the idea, seeking to make the slogan "Asia for the Asiatics" mean the same

as "Asia for the Japanese." But the idea itself is decidedly not a Japanese invention. The explosive force behind it is stronger than armies. To ignore it, to fail to acknowledge that an epoch in Asia's history is ended, would be to play into the hands of Japanese imperialism.

The white man can point to his work in Asia with considerable pride. He has brought to that continent machines and railroads and bridges. He has raised the standard of living in every city in which he erected a factory or mill or go-down. Asiatics have been acquainted with our religions and banking and industrial systems and thousands of their sons and daughters have been educated in white men's schools, even in Europe and America, among our own children. The fierce nationalism that has gripped so many of Asia's peoples is in itself a lesson learned from the West.

But the Asiatic nevertheless re-sents us. For we have come into their lands and discriminated against them, racially and religiously. Thus, they are heathens, inferiors, "yellow-skins," "brown brothers," to be kept in their own countries and out of ours. Racial discrimination is a bitter poison, dimming the eye to such gifts as cot-

ton and steel mills; it makes every virtue an act of discourtesy and turns speeches of friendship into mockery. No erect, proud human being can be bribed into accepting the inferiority of his own blood.

II

The Chinese regarded foreigners who came by the sea as barbarians who could never learn the civilized ways of the East. In a letter from the Chinese Emperor, Chien Lung, to George III of England, we read:

Supposing that your Envoy should come to our Court, his language and national dress differ from that of our people, and there would be no place in which to bestow him. It may be suggested that he might imitate the Europeans permanently resident in Peking and adopt the dress and customs of China, but, it has never been our dynasty's wish to force people to do things unseemly and inconvenient. How can our dynasty alter its whole procedure and system of etiquette, established for more than a century, in order to meet your individual views?

. . . Nevertheless, I do not forget the lonely remoteness of your island, cut off from the world by intervening wastes of sea, nor do I overlook your excusable ignorance of the usages of Our Celestial Empire.

Asiatic countries have always been in contact with each other and with Mediterranean Europe by land and sea routes, and with the vast area that is now Russia.

There was the normal trade intercourse; wars that brought Alexander the Great to India and Genghis Khan to Russia; but it was not until the "barbarian from the sea," the Spanish, Dutch, Portuguese and British came into Asia that the pressure of an utterly different civilization and attitude exerted itself upon the Asiatic people.

Consider the effects of that pressure upon the self-esteem of the Asiatic in those areas now at war: India was conquered by France and England and Portugal; Burma became British; Malaya came under British control; the Dutch East Indies were held by Spain, Holland and England and finally reverted to the Dutch; Annam, Tonkin and Cambodia became French colonies; Borneo was divided between England and Holland; the Philippines were held by Spain and then were taken over by the United States; Formosa was taken from China by the Dutch, was captured by the Spaniards and finally fell to the Japanese. China itself was forced to surrender settlements and concessions in her principal ports, cede Hongkong and Weihaiwei to the British, grant extraterritoriality even to small European and American countries, surrender her overlordship of Tibet,

concede special spheres in Turkestan and Mongolia to the Russians, and maintain a constant struggle against the partitioning of her country and the distribution of her administrative offices among the European nations. Only Japan and Siam escaped — and Siam was enslaved geographically to the British and the French. Even lands distant from the Pacific Ocean — Persia, Afghanistan, Iraq, Palestine, Syria — in time came within the economic, if not political, spheres of Great Britain, France or Russia.

Asia never accepted the domination of Europe complacently. The intellectual, articulate leadership of the vast Asiatic masses resented and objected to what they regarded as Occidental arrogance; the masses remained in poverty and ignorance, despite frequent improvement of economic conditions in the actual centers of the white man's commerce and industry. While European countries enjoyed a constant rise in the standards of living of their own people, the Asiatic peoples whom they controlled or governed generally remained stationary, in poverty, without access to general education, without machinery, without roads except a very few for military purposes, without widespread hos-

pitalization. Except as the Christian missionaries, most of whom were Americans, brought along Bibles, sewing machines and aspirin to the natives, the effect of the impact of the West upon them has been of scarcely any significance. I am speaking of the masses. The intellectuals, of course, studied in European and American universities, imbibed the ideals of nationalism and liberalism and, latterly, communism and fascism, and returned to their native lands to stir the rebellion against the white man.

III

Asia has been seething since 1905 when Japan, among the smallest of Asiatics, defeated Russia, the largest of Europeans, by force of arms. That episode gave momentum to anti-Europeanism, to Asia for the Asiatics. It was after this war that the Kuomintang, the Nationalist Party of China, under the leadership of Sun Yat-sen roused Chinese not only in China, but in Hawaii, in the Philippines, in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies to the most passionate nationalism ever known in Asia. Even a Chinese opposed to the Kuomintang, like the philosopher Liang Chi-chao, spoke of his land with a passion hardly known to Western chauvinism:

The greatest country in the greatest of the five continents of the world — which is it? My country, the Middle State, the Flowery Land! The people who number one-third of the human race — who are they? My countrymen of the Middle State, the Flowery Land! Annals which extend back without a break for over four thousand years — of what country are these? Of my country, the Middle State, the Flowery Land! . . . My country, the Middle State, the Flowery Land, stands proudly alone, having survived, in one unbroken line, ever increasing in size and brilliancy, down to the present day. And in the future it will spread into myriad branches, to be fused together in one furnace. Ah, beautiful is my country! Ah, great are my countrymen! Now, ere inditing a rough outline of their story, I must purify myself thrice with perfume and the bath; then, looking up to heaven, with many prostrations, thank God that I was born in this lovely land, as one of the sons of this great people.

What occurred in China took place everywhere. The Young Turk movement, the revolutions in Persia and among the Afghans, the rise of the Arab states, the founding of modern Iraq and the Indian revolts and uprising, culminating in the Congress Party movement of Gandhi, represent at most Asia's pulling at the fetters which bound her to Europe. During the last war, Japan came in as a full ally, sitting among the four greatest powers in the world, but China also managed, largely with American tutelage, to establish an atmos-

phere more favorable to self-rule. Iraq, the handiwork of Feisal and Lawrence of Arabia, won her independence. India was promised much, though the promises were allowed to rot in the débris of Empire politics.

Asia waited for the next war. And when it came, each Asiatic country, except the China of Chiang Kai-shek, remembered its resentment of the white man no less than its fear of Japan. We in the West speak of the fifth columns in the Asiatic countries, but in the China of Wang Ching-wei, in Malaya and Burma and even in India, forces were at work to deal first with the white man — first because it was easier and more Asiatic.

Unless Japan is beaten, those forces may lead Asia to such an enslavement as they cannot even imagine today. They are opening their gates to a conqueror who is mellowed neither by time nor by a century and a half of liberalism. In Great Britain, for instance, important segments of a liberty-loving population are critical of their own government for not serving the colonial masses better and more justly. No one in Japan will raise a voice against the most ruthless exploitation of the conquered countries, unavoidable if only to pay the costs of the conquests.

And there we have the cruel paradox of the Asiatic world at this hour. The very aspiration for national freedom leads men to help forge even more cruel chains of servitude. It is the paradox which we must understand ourselves and help Asia to resolve.

IV

It is worth noting that the United States never assumed the Kipling-esque "white man's burden" anywhere, nor have we oppressed any of the native peoples in Asia. This country has held no concessions or settlements on that continent. Except for the Philippines, which we promised full independence in 1946, we have taken none of these areas as colonies, nor have we exploited them for their raw materials.

I am not setting the United States up as the most moral of states. Whatever the causes may have been, the history of our relations with Asia have been utterly different from the Europeans. This gives us both the opportunity and the obligation to take the lead in bringing about that understanding between East and West without which there can be no peaceful world.

Daniel Webster, in his letter of basic instructions to Caleb Cush-

ing in 1843, laid down the American policy which has been continued consistently to this day. His instructions were:

All ideas of this kind respecting your mission must, should they arise, be immediately met by a declaration, not made ostentatiously, or in a manner reproachful toward others, that you are no tribute bearer; that your government pays tribute to none and expects tribute from none; and that even as to presents, your government neither makes nor accepts presents. . . .

You will say that the government of the United States is always controlled by a sense of religion and of honor; that nations differ in their religious opinions and observances; that you cannot do anything which the religion of your own country or the sentiments of honor forbid; that you have the most profound respect for His Majesty the Emperor; that you are ready to make to him all manifestations of homage which are consistent with your own sense. . . .

Never has the United States deviated from this policy, no matter what the provocation. Even when the Asiatic countries were being partitioned and we might have had a share of the spoils, we rejected the bait. We declared for an Open Door for trade and our missionaries always stimulated, to the consternation of the Europeans, a sense of freedom, a feeling for self-respecting independence.

The United States, therefore, enters upon the present difficult period of relations between the

white man and Asia with the fewest liabilities. Contrast the attitude of the Filipinos toward America with that of any of the peoples in the British, French or Dutch colonies. The Filipinos stood firm, Quezon and MacArthur representing one people, undivided by racial differences, while Britain was faced in the bitterest moment of the war by struggles to take advantage of the distress of the Empire. When China invites an American general to head her armies, to control her Burma Road, to head her air force, it is not only lease-lend — it is history, it is a tradition of friendship and forbearance. No one in Asia has ever had to pay America; we even returned the Boxer Indemnity — most of it.

This war in the Far East must be separated into two distinct and, at times, contrary movements, which may at certain moments coalesce only to separate again. One is the eternal struggle of human beings to free themselves from unwelcomed suzerains, the struggle for independence and equality, for distinctive national personality. The other is the imperialistic war between Japan and the United States, Great Britain and their allies.

No matter what happens to the Japanese war, the movement for Asia for the Asiatics will continue. Pre-war imperialism in Asia is ended for good.

That period in human history is ended. It ended when Eugene Chen drove the British out of Hankow; when Gandhi forced Britain to deal with him. The end was confirmed, even for those Asiatics who hate and fear Japan, when Japan marched from Hongkong to Singapore and discovered no restraining power. Territory taken by force must be held by force. Peoples kept in thrall by power and prestige revert to freedom when the power is lifted and the prestige wanes. No one has stated this conception of the relations of peoples better than Sun Yet-sen, who in the First Lecture of the San Min Chu I said:

Japan has been able to learn from Europe and, since her modernization, to catch up with Europe. . . . Japan's rise has brought prestige not only to the Yamato race, but it has raised the standing of all Asiatic peoples. We once thought we could not do what the Europeans could do; we see now that Japan has learned from Europe and that, if we follow Japan, we, too, will be learning from the West as Japan did.

And that, of course, is what Japan will face should she be enabled to hold Asia: she will face Asiatic countries, freed from the

white man, who will insist upon doing as the Japanese have done; hundreds of millions of Asiatics, who will insist upon freeing themselves from the invader and then setting up strong states of their own. The Japanese seem to realize this and with guile are recognizing certain principles of local self-rule. In Malaya, the Japanese have been encouraging the concept of Malaya for the Malaysians, and in Burma, Burma for the Burmese — dangerous propaganda for a conqueror, upon whom this intensification of nationalism may ricochet. Japanese colonial policy is likely to swing between the most brutal kind of exploitation and terror, and conciliation of local nationalisms.

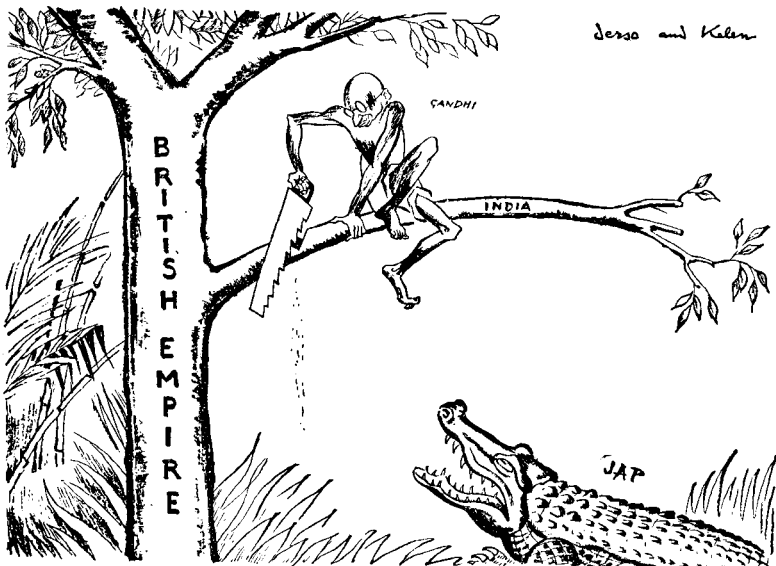
V

When we look upon this Asiatic world, we have to have the answer to the question: Why should America be fighting in Asia? We can say that we have nothing to fight for there in the sense that we own nothing there materially indispensable to our economic life. Certainly, we are not sending our sons to Asia to restore the Viceroy of India or the Dutch rubber planter. We need to think this problem out without flabby emotionalism.

We need to be so sure of our objectives that we can make them not only understandable but believable to the Asiatics and we need to state them in terms which will influence them to fight alongside us against the Japanese. Some aspects of our relations with all eastern and southern Asiatics will henceforth be more difficult than they have been in the past. But we ought so to state our own terms and objectives that all these peoples will respect our candor while we serve them ardently in developing them for liberty and self-government. While we may have to place

restrictions upon their competition with our economy, they must realize that only in us, in the friendship of America, is there hope for them for independence and liberty. We must be honest in discussing restrictions and sincere in our advocacy of their liberty.

If Japan is victorious, this Asiatic power can and will be organized not only to dominate Asia but to challenge Europe and the Americas. Asia is rich in people and food, but poor in minerals. It will demand access to every market and will back that demand by a conqueror's power. Japan will throw



Passive Resistance

goods into the high-standard-of-living markets, produced by labor at ten cents an hour to compete with goods produced at from five to ten times as much. We shall only be able to compete with them even in our own markets by lowering not only our wage scale but our standard of living. The war between the United States and Japan is now essentially an economic war, but not one for exploiting areas, for mining and oil concessions and such trivia. It is a war to determine whether for us, for ourselves, our standard of life or the Japanese standard of life shall prevail.

The white man has, in the past, not only been dominant in Asia, but he has set up barriers against colonization of his world by the Asiatic. Not only the United States, but Australia, Canada and many of the Central and South American countries have established exclusion laws to keep out the Chinese, the Japanese and the Hindus. The first exclusion law here was passed in 1894 against the Chinese and in 1923 Congress extended it fully to the Japanese. Few Western attitudes have annoyed Asiatics more. They create a community of interest among Asiatics, where it is to our interest to encourage independence and separatism.

Should Japan be victorious in this war, one of the most serious problems to face the United States, Canada, Australia and the Central and South American countries would be a Japanese demand for treatment of all Asiatics equal to that meted out to Europeans in immigration and colonization. The stronger countries might succeed in resisting Japan's claims, but the weaker countries could not hold out. There would be colonies of Asiatics certainly in most of the Central American and in some of the South American countries sufficiently large to become problems not only to the defenses but to the population profile of the American continents. The United States and Canada would conceivably have to go to war again to maintain the right to determine their own racial characteristics.

But this is not all. One refers constantly to the significance of "face" in Asia. "Face" counts everywhere. It is honor, dignity. It is the mark of acceptability. In international relations, a nation that is defeated in a war has definitely lost "face." This is particularly and offensively true when a great power has been defeated by a lesser power. If the United States is defeated by Japan, there is no possibility of our ever having any

influence in Asia and the probability is that we should lose prestige and influence in Central and South America. Certainly, there would be no prospect of our ever assuming leadership in the reconstruction of an orderly world. The victor would determine the character of the next generations. The "White Man" would be the underdog — and would be treated as an underdog by peoples to whom caste and position mean everything.

Such an attitude holds dire forebodings, because Asia has in the past conquered Europe and may do so again. Attila's Huns, the Indo-Scythians, the Mongols, two nations of Turks entered upon careers of European conquest at moments when European decadence opened the doors wide open. We have built a culture and a civilization, we peoples of the West. It is neither perfect nor yet com-

plete, but it is ours. We dare not be conquered by Japan.

That is our side of the story, but there is the other side that concerns us as deeply. Proud as we are of our freedoms, we are eager to share them. The American ideal foresees the day when all of mankind may meet in the same market place on an equal standard of living. That is why Asia can place more confidence and hope in us than in such "liberation" as the Japanese will bring. Vast as our selfish interests in victory may be, they coincide with the interests of all Asia — threatened by a new and more brutal imperialism precisely at the moment when the old imperialism has run its course.

The genius of Chiang Kai-shek as a statesman is best evidenced by his understanding of this community of interest between East and West.

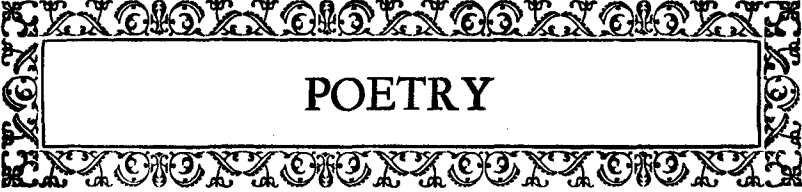


In Praise of Dictators

BY SAMUEL ADAMS

(1722-1803)

I F I AM to have a master, let me have a severe one. I shall then be constantly disposed to take the first fair opportunity of ridding myself of his tyranny.



POETRY

NO BOUNDARY

BY LENORE G. MARSHALL

Remember this:
 no boundary,
Space into space into space,
Islands beyond the islands that I see,
Perceived in this hour of grace
As though sight curved with the waters flowingly.

Never forget the mobile porcelain water
Leading
 and the world open and bright
As though it flew forward on blue and outspread wings.
Remember the heart molten with delight
Having all hidden things.

Receive forever the imprint of hewn mountain
Or of lithe birch tree laced with maiden leaves
Twittering like a shower of green rain drops,
How trepidation weaves
Frail pattern:
 a virgin bewitched into a fountain.

This noon never relinquish!
 Into the marrow
Let sink the seed of its gold, lighting the bone.
Mark how sloped rocks like flanks of elephants glow
Warmed and caressed by the invading sun;
The earth is sun beyond where my eyes follow.

The zenith moving everywhere this day
Hoard in the bones, deep in the blood collect.
Clear as I see upon the luminous clay

BY SYDNEY KING RUSSELL.

If we were soft, our years have made us so,
If we were heedless, let it not be said
We cannot learn the way that we must go;
Above the graves of our unnumbered dead
We offer all that free men have to give
In freedom's name, that liberty shall live.

STORY IN HARLEM SLANG

BY ZORA NEALE HURSTON

(Drawings by Hirschfeld)

New York's Harlem, the nation's largest Negro community, is a city within a city: an amazing place of beauty and squalor, heaped-up hopes and despairs. Out of Harlem comes a constant flow of legend, music and picturesque language which has deeply influenced American life. Miss Hurston has for many years studied the curious and colorful argot of Harlem which has enriched the American vocabulary. Here she offers a sketch of Harlem life couched in Harlemese, together with a glossary of this slang based on her research. The drawings are the work of the gifted Albert Hirschfeld. Except for the few reproduced from his recent book, Harlem As Seen By Hirschfeld (Hyperion Press), these illustrations were drawn especially for THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

—THE EDITORS.

WAIT till I light up my coal-pot and I'll tell you about this Zigaboo called Jelly. Well, all right now. He was a sealskin brown and papatree-top-tall. Skinny in the hips and solid built for speed. He was born with this rough-dried hair, but when he laid on the grease and pressed it down overnight with his stocking-cap, it looked just like that righteous moss, and had so many waves you got seasick from looking. Solid, man, solid!

His mama named him Marvel, but after a month on Lenox Avenue, he changed all that to Jelly. How come? Well, he put it in the street that when it came to filling that long-felt need, sugar-curing the ladies' feelings, he was in a class by himself and nobody knew his name, so he had to tell 'em. "It must be Jelly, 'cause jam don't shake." Therefore, his name was Jelly. That was what was on his sign. The stuff was there and it was





mellow. Whenever he was challenged by a hard-head or a frail eel on the right of his title he would eye-ball the idol-breaker with a slice of ice and put on his ugly-laugh, made up of scorn and pity, and say: "Youse just dumb to the fact, baby. If you don't know what you talking 'bout, you better ask Granny Grunt. I wouldn't mislead you, baby. I don't need to — not with the help I got." Then he would give the pimp's ¹ sign, and percolate on down the Avenue. You can't go behind a fact like that.

So this day he was airing out on the Avenue. It had to be late afternoon, or he would not have been out of bed. All you did by rolling out early was to stir your stomach up. That made you hunt for more dishes to dirty. The longer you slept, the less you had to eat. But you can't collar nods all day. No matter how long you stay in bed, and how quiet you keep, sooner or later that big gut is going to reach over and grab that little one and start to gnaw. That's confidential

right from the Bible. You got to get out on the beat and collar yourself a hot.

So Jelly got into his zoot suit with the reet pleats and got out to skivver around and do himself some good. At 132nd Street, he spied one of his colleagues on the opposite sidewalk, standing in front of a café. Jelly figured that if he bull-skated just right, he might confidence Sweet Back out of a thousand on a plate. Maybe a shot of scrap-iron or a reefer. Therefore, Jelly took a quick backward look at his shoe soles to see how his leather was holding out. The way he figured it after the peep was

¹ In Harlesemese, *pimp* has a different meaning than its ordinary definition as a procurer for immoral purposes. The Harlem pimp is a man whose amatory talents are for sale to any woman who will support him, either with a free meal or on a common law basis; in this sense, he is actually a male prostitute.

that he had plenty to get across and maybe do a little more cruising besides. So he stanchd out into the street and made the crossing.

"Hi there, Sweet Back!" he exploded cheerfully. "Gimme some skin!"

"Lay de skin on me, pal!" Sweet Back grabbed Jelly's outstretched hand and shook hard. "Ain't seen you since the last time, Jelly. What's cookin'?"

"Oh, just like de bear — I ain't nowhere. Like de bear's brother, I ain't no further. Like de bear's daughter — ain't got a quarter."

Right away, he wished he had not been so honest. Sweet Back gave him a top-superior, cut-eye look. Looked at Jelly just like a showman looks at an ape. Just as far above Jelly as fried chicken is over branch water.

"Cold in hand, hunh?" He talked down to Jelly. "A red hot pimp like you *say* you is, ain't got no business in the barrel. Last night when I left



CHIPPIE AND CHILD

you, you was beating up your gums and broadcasting about how hot you was. Just as hot as July-jam, you told me. What you doing cold in hand?"

"Aw, man, can't you take a joke? I was just beating up my gums when I said I was broke. How can I be broke when I got de best woman in Harlem? If I ask her for a dime, she'll give me a ten dollar bill; ask her for drink of likker, and she'll buy me a whiskey still. If I'm lying, I'm flying!"

"Gar, don't hang out dat dirty washing in my back yard! Didn't I see you last night with dat beat chick, scoffing a hot dog? Dat chick you had was beat to de heels. Boy, you ain't no good for what you live."

"If you ain't lying now, you flying. You ain't got de first thin. You ain't got nickel one."

Jelly threw back the long skirt of his coat and rammed his hand down into his pants pocket. "Put your money where your mouth is!" he

challenged, as he mock-struggled to haul out a huge roll. "Back your crap with your money. I bet you five dollars!"

Sweet Back made the same gesture of hauling out non-existent money.

"I been raised in the church. I don't bet, but I'll doubt you. Five rocks!"

"I thought so!" Jelly crowed, and hurriedly pulled his empty hand out of his pocket. "I knowed you'd back up when I drew my roll on you."

"You ain't drewed no roll on me, Jelly. You ain't drewed nothing but your pocket. You better stop dat



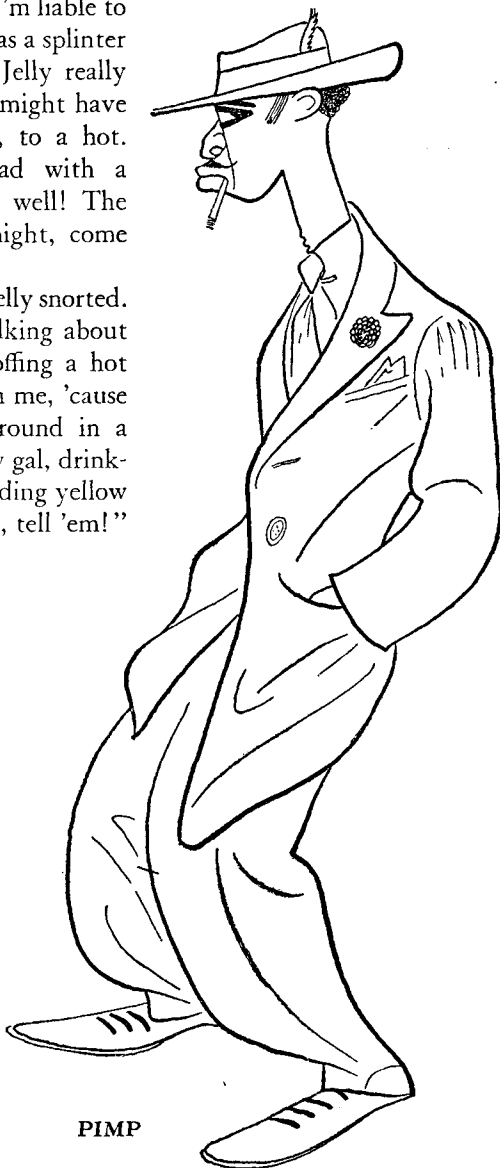
MUG MAN

boogerbooging. Next time I'm liable to make you do it." There was a splinter of regret in his voice. If Jelly really had had some money, he might have staked him, Sweet Back, to a hot. Good Southern cornbread with a piano on a platter. Oh, well! The right broad would, or might, come along.

"Who boogerbooging?" Jelly snorted. "Jig, I don't have to. Talking about *me* with a beat chick scoffing a hot dog! You must of not seen me, 'cause last night I was riding round in a Yellow Cab, with a yellow gal, drinking yellow likker and spending yellow money. Tell 'em 'bout me, tell 'em!"

"Git out of my face, Jelly! Dat broad I seen you with wasn't no pe-ola. She was one of them coal-scuttle blondes with hair just as close to her head as ninety-nine is to a hundred. She look-ted like she had seventy-five pounds of clear bosom, guts in her feet, and she look-ted like six months in front and nine months behind. Buy you a whiskey still! Dat broad couldn't make the down payment on a pair of sox."

"Sweet Back, you fixing to talk out of place." Jelly stiffened.



"If you trying to jump salty, Jelly, that's your mammy."

"Don't play in de family, Sweet Back. I don't play de dozens. I done told you."

"Who playing de dozens? You trying to get your hips up on your shoulders 'cause I said you was with a beat broad. One of them lam blacks."

"Who? Me? Long as you been knowing me, Sweet Back, you ain't never seen me with nothing but pe-olas. I can get any frail eel I wants to. How come I'm up here in New York? You don't know, do you? Since youse dumb to the fact, I reckon I'll have to make you hep. I had to leave from down south 'cause Miss Anne used to worry me so bad to go with me. Who, me? Man, I don't deal in no coal. Know what I tell 'em? If they's white, they's right! If they's yellow, they's mellow! If they's brown, they can stick around. But if they come black, they better git way back! Tell 'em bout me!"

"Aw, man, you trying to show your grandma how to milk ducks. Best

you can do is to confidence some kitchen-mechanic out of a dime or two. Me, I knocks de pad with them cack-broads up on Sugar Hill, and fills 'em full of melody. Man, I'm quick death and easy judgment. Youse just a home-boy, Jelly. Don't try to follow me."

"Me follow *you*! Man, I come on like the Gang Busters, and go off like The March of Time! If dat ain't so, God is gone to Jersey City and you know He wouldn't be messing 'round a place like that. Know what my woman done? We hauled off and went to



SUGAR HILL GUM BEATIN'



REEFER MAN

church last Sunday, and when they passed 'round the plate for the *penny* collection, I threwed in a dollar. De man looked at me real hard for dat. Dat made my woman mad, so she called him back and throwed in a twenty dollar bill! Told him to take dat

and go! Dat's what he got for looking at me 'cause I throwed in a dollar."

"Jelly, de wind may blow and de door may slam; dat what you shooting ain't worth a damn!"

Jelly slammed his hand in his bosom as if to draw a gun. Sweet Back did the same.

"If you wants to fight, Sweet Back, the favor is in me."

"I was deep-think-

ing then, Jelly. It's a good thing I ain't short-tempered. 'Taint nothing to you, nohow. You ain't hit me yet."

Both burst into a laugh and changed from fighting to lounging poses.

"Don't get too yaller on me, Jelly. You liable to get hurt some day."

"You over-sports your hand your ownself. Too blamed astorperious. I just don't pay you no mind. Lay de skin on me!"

They broke their handshake hurriedly, because both of them looked up the Avenue and saw the same thing. It was a girl and they both remembered that it was Wednesday afternoon. All of the domestics off for the afternoon with their pay in their pockets. Some of them bound to be hungry for love. That meant a dinner, a shot of scrap-iron, maybe room

rent and a reefer or two. Both went into the pose and put on the look.

"Big stars falling!" Jelly said out loud when she was in hearing distance. "It must be just before day!"

"Yeah, man!" Sweet Back agreed. "Must be a recess in Heaven — pretty angel like that out on the ground."

The girl drew abreast of them, reeling and rocking her hips.

"I'd walk clear to Diddy-Wah-Diddy to get a chance to speak to a pretty lil' ground-angel like that," Jelly went on.

"Aw, man, you ain't willing to go very far. Me, I'd go slap to Ginny-Gall, where they eat cow-rump, skin and all."

The girl smiled, so Jelly set his hat and took the plunge.

"Baby," he crooned, "what's on de rail for de lizard?"

The girl halted and braced her hips with her hands. "A Zigaboo down in Georgy, where I come from, asked a woman that one time and the judge told him 'ninety days.'"

"Georgy!" Sweet Back pretended to be elated. "Where 'bouts in Georgy is you from? Delaware?"

"Delaware?" Jelly snorted. "My people! My people! Free schools and dumb jigs! Man, how you going to put Delaware in Georgy? You ought to know dat's in Maryland."

"Oh, don't try to make out youse no northerner, you! Youse from right down in 'Bam your ownself!" The girl turned on Jelly.

"Yeah, I'm *from* there and I aims to stay from there."

"One of them Russians, eh?" the girl retorted. "Rushed up here to get away from a job of work."

That kind of talk was not leading towards the dinner table.

"But baby!" Jelly gasped. "Dat shape you got on you! I bet the Coca Cola Company is paying you good money for the patent!"

The girl smiled with pleasure at this, so Sweet Back jumped in.

"I know youse somebody swell to know. Youse real people. You grins like a regular fellow." He gave her his most killing look and let it simmer in. "These dickty jigs round here tries to smile. S'pose you and me go inside the café here and grab a hot?"

"You got any money?" the girl asked, and stiffened like a ramrod. "Nobody ain't pimping on me. You dig me?"

"Aw, now, baby!"

"I seen you two mullet-heads before. I was uptown when Joe Brown

had you all in the go-long last night. Dat cop sure hates a pimp! All he needs to see is the pimps' salute, and he'll out with his night-stick and whip your head to the red. Beat your head just as flat as a dime!" She went off into a great blow of laughter.

"Oh, let's us don't talk about the law. Let's talk about us," Sweet Back persisted. "You going inside with me to holler 'let one come flopping! One come grunting! Snatch one from de rear!'"

"Naw indeed!" the girl laughed harshly. "You skillet is trying to promote a meal on me. But it'll never happen, brother. You barking up the wrong tree. I wouldn't give you air if you was stopped up in a jug. I'm not putting out a thing. I'm just like the cemetery — I'm not putting out, I'm taking in! Dig?"

"I'll tell you like the farmer told the potato — plant you now and dig you later."

The girl made a movement to switch on off. Sweet Back had not dirtied a plate since the day before. He made a weak but desperate gesture.

"Trying to snatch my pocketbook, eh?" she blazed. Instead of running, she grabbed hold of Sweet Back's draping coat-tail and made a slashing gesture. "How much split you want back here? If your feets don't hurry up and take you 'way from here, you'll *ride* away. I'll spread my lungs all over New York and call the law. Go ahead, Bedbug! Touch me! And I'll holler like a pretty white woman!"

The boys were ready to flee, but she turned suddenly and rocked on off with her ear-rings snapping and her heels popping.

"My people! My people!" Sweet Back sighed.

"I know you feel chewed," Jelly said, in an effort to make it appear that he had had no part in the fiasco.

"Oh, let her go," Sweet Back said magnanimously. "When I see people without the periodical principles they's supposed to have, I just don't fool with 'em. What I want to steal her old pocketbook with all the money I got? I could buy a beat chick like her and give her away. I got money's mammy and Grandma change. One of my women, and not the best one I got neither, is buying me ten shag suits at one time."

He glanced sidewise at Jelly to see if he was convincing. But Jelly's thoughts were far away. He was remembering those full, hot meals he had left back in Alabama to seek wealth and splendor in Harlem without working. He had even forgotten to look cocky and rich.



STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY

GLOSSARY OF HARLEM SLANG

Air out — leave, flee, stroll
 Astorperious — haughty, biggity
 Aunt Hagar — Negro race (also Aunt Hagar's chillun)
 Bad hair — Negro type hair
 Balling — having fun
 Bam, and down in Bam — down South
 Battle-hammed — badly formed about the hips
 Beating up your gums — talking to no purpose
 Beluthahatchie — next station beyond Hell
 Big boy — stout fellow. But in the South, it means fool and is a prime insult.
 Blowing your top — getting very angry; occasionally used to mean, "He's doing fine!"
 Boogie-woogie — type of dancing and rhythm. For years, in the South, it meant secondary syphilis.
 Brother-in-black — Negro
 Bull-skating — Bragging
 Butt sprung — a suit or a skirt out of shape in the rear
 Coal scuttle blonde — black woman
 Cold — exceeding, well, etc., as in "He was cold on that trumpet!"
 Collar a nod — sleep
 Collar a hot — eat a meal
 Color scale — high yaller, yaller, high brown, vaseline brown, seal brown, low brown, dark black
 Conk buster — cheap liquor; also an intellectual Negro
 Cruising — parading down the Avenue. Variations: *oozing*, *percolating*, and *free-wheeling*. The latter implies more briskness.
 Cut — doing something well

Dark black — a casually black person. Superlatives: *low black*, a blacker person; *lam black*, still blacker; and *damn black*, blackest man, of whom it is said: "Why, lightning bugs follows him at 12 o'clock in the day, thinking it's midnight."
 Dat thing — sex of either sex
 Dat's your mammy — same as, "So is your old man."
 Diddy-wah-diddy — a far place, a measure of distance. (2) another suburb of Hell, built since way before Hell wasn't no bigger than Baltimore. The folks in Hell go there for a big time.
 Dig — understand. "Dig me?" means, "Do you get me? Do you collar the jive?"
 Draped down — dressed in the height of Harlem fashion; also *togged down*.
 Dumb to the fact — "You don't know what you're talking about."
 Dusty butt — cheap prostitute
 Eight-rock — very black person
 Every postman on his beat — kinky hair
 First thing smoking — a train. "I'm through with this town. I mean to grab the first thing smoking."
 Frail eel — pretty girl
 Free schools — a shortened expression of deprecation derived from "free schools and dumb Negroes," sometimes embellished with "free schools, pretty yellow teachers and dumb Negroes."
 Function — a small, unventilated dance, full of people too casually bathed
 Gator-faced — long, black face with big mouth
 Getting on some stiff time — really doing well with your racket
 Get you to go — power, physical or otherwise, to force the opponent to run

- Ginny Gall — a suburb of Hell, a long way off
 Git up off of me — quit talking about me, leave me alone
 Go when the wagon comes — another way of saying, "You may be acting biggity now, but you'll cool down when enough power gets behind you."
 Good hair — Caucasian-type hair
 Granny Grunt — a mythical character to whom most questions may be referred
 Ground rations — sex, also *under rations*
 Gum beater — a blowhard, a braggart, idle talker in general
 Gut-bucket — low dive, type of music, or expression from same
 Gut-foot — bad case of fallen arches

 Handkerchief-head — sycophant type of Negro; also an *Uncle Tom*
 Hauling — fleeing on foot. "Man! He cold hauled it!"

 I don't deal in coal — "I don't keep company with black women."
 I'm cracking but I'm facking — "I'm wisecracking, but I'm telling the truth."
 Inky dink — very black person
 I shot him lightly and he died politely — "I completely outdid him."

 Jar head — Negro man
 Jelly — sex
 Jig — Negro, a corrupted shortening of zigaboo
 Jook — a pleasure house, in the class of gut-bucket; now common all over the South
 Jooking — playing the piano, guitar, or any musical instrument in the manner of the Jooks (pronounced like "took")
 (2) Dancing and "scronching" ditto.

 Juice — liquor
 July jam — something very hot
 Jump salty — get angry

 Kitchen mechanic — a domestic
 Knock yourself out — have a good time

 Lightly, slightly and politely — doing things perfectly
 Little sister — measure of hotness: "Hot as little sister!"
 Liver-lip — pendulous, thick, purple lips

 Made hair — hair that has been straightened
 Mammy — a term of insult. Never used in any other way by Negroes.
 Miss Anne — a white woman
 Mister Charlie — a white man
 Monkey chaser — a West Indian
 Mug man — small-time thug or gangster
 My people! My people! — Sad and satiric expression in the Negro language: sad when a Negro comments on the backwardness of some members of his race; at other times, used for satiric or comic effect

 Naps — kinky hair
 Nearer my God to Thee — good hair
 Nothing to the bear but his curly hair — "I call your bluff," or "Don't be afraid of him; he won't fight."
 Now you cookin' with gas — now you're talking, in the groove, etc.

 Ofay — white person
 Old cuffee — Negro (genuine African word for the same thing)

 Palmer House — walking flat-footed, as from fallen arches
 Pancake — a humble type of Negro
 Park ape — an ugly, underprivileged Negro

Peckerwood — poor and unloved class of Southern whites

Peeping through my likkers — carrying on even though drunk

Pe-ola — a very white Negro girl

Piano — spare ribs (white rib-bones suggest piano keys)

Pig meat — young girl

Pilch — house or apartment; residence

Pink toes — yellow girl

Playing the dozens — low-rating the ancestors of your opponent

Red neck — poor Southern white man

Reefer — marijuana cigaret, also a *drag*

Righteous mass or *grass* — good hair

Righteous rags — the components of a Harlem-style suit

Rug-cutter — originally a person frequenting house-rent parties, cutting up the rugs of the host with his feet; a person too cheap or poor to patronize regular dance halls; now means a good dancer.

Russian — a Southern Negro up north. "Rushed up here," hence a Russian.

Scrap iron — cheap liquor

Sell out — run in fear

Sender — he or she who can get you to go, i.e., has what it takes. Used often as a compliment: "He's a solid sender!"

Smoking, or *smoking over* — looking someone over

Solid — perfect

Sooner — anything cheap and mongrel, now applied to cheap clothes, or a shabby person.

Stanch, or *stanch out* — to begin, commence, step out

Stomp — low dance, but hot man!

Stormbuzzard — shiftless, homeless character

Stroll — doing something well

Sugar Hill — northwest corner of Harlem, near Washington Heights, site of newest apartment houses, mostly occupied by professional people. (The expression has been distorted in the South to mean a Negro red light district.)

The bear — confession of poverty

The big apple, also *the big red apple* — New York City

The man — the law, or powerful boss

Thousand on a plate — beans

Tight head — one with kinky hair

Trucking — strolling. (2) dance step from the strolling motif

V and X — five-and-ten-cent store

West Hell — another suburb of Hell, worse than the original

What's on the rail for the lizard? — suggestion for moral turpitude

Whip it to the red — beat your head until it is bloody

Woofing — aimless talk, as a dog barks on a moonlight night

Young suit — ill-fitting, too small. Observers pretend to believe you're breaking in your little brother's suit for him.

Your likker told you — misguided behavior

Zigaboo — a Negro

Zoot suit with the reet pleat — Harlem style suit, padded shoulders, 43-inch trousers at the knee with cuff so small it needs a zipper to get into, high waistline, fancy lapels, bushels of buttons, etc.

YOUR LIFE EXPECTANCY

By LOUIS I. DUBLIN

IT is one of the paradoxes of our paradoxical times that life is so cheap, yet the expectation of life increases decade by decade. Here in the United States, between 1930 and 1940, four more years were added to the length of life, so that today the average American can expect to live almost 64 years. The importance of this fact in our economic and social life is tremendous, especially when our expectancy is compared with the average of under thirty for India, forty-eight in Japan and fifty-five in Italy. It means that Americans are not wasted in infancy or childhood, but achieve a well-rounded and productive life even in moderate old age. Under peacetime conditions in our country, science and the individual in combination can combine to prolong life to an extent now undefinable.

First of all, however, let us clear up a primary cause of confusion in the matter of living longer. There are two concepts involved, the first known as the life span, and the second known variously as the ex-

pectation of life or the average length of life. They are not the same thing, even though people use them interchangeably. The life span is concerned with the natural limit of human longevity. In round numbers, one hundred years has always been the limit of the individual life span. People do live longer, of course, but those cases are exceptions.

The average length of life is an entirely different concept. In its simplest form, it is the average number of years lived by a group of persons from their birth until the entire group is accounted for by death. The average length of life thus computed is commonly called "the expectation of life at birth." America's expectancy of sixty-four years is topped only by New Zealand and Australia. Norway, Sweden and the Netherlands once equalled the American figure for longevity, but the war has already pushed their figures below ours.

During most of history, progress toward a longer life has been slow, but the trend has not retrogressed.

In ancient Rome, the expectation of life at birth was probably under twenty-five years; pestilence, famines, wars and the harsh servitude of the masses led to a heavy mortality among children and young people. Conditions of life during the Middle Ages were presumably no better than in Rome, so it is reasonable to conclude that the average lifetime was equally short. Toward the end of the seventeenth century, according to a life-table computed by the English astronomer, Halley, for the city of Breslau, the average length was thirty-three and a half years. By 1850, in America, the average had increased to a little more than forty years.

Then came the beginning of the modern sanitary era, about one hundred years ago, and the average life expectancy began to rise rapidly. Modern medicine and public health curbed the terrible inroads of cholera, diphtheria, tuberculosis and typhoid fever, and set up systems of protection over water and milk supplies, the quality of food, and other sanitary procedures. As a result, the expectation of life in the United States by 1900 had advanced to about fifty years. The fourteen years added to the expectation of life since that date are the result of an intensive applica-

tion of our knowledge of disease prevention, and a general and profound improvement in the standard of living. As a result, we are a more populous and a stronger people today.

One of the major results of our battle for a longer life is the fact that we are becoming an older people, which raises a whole new set of social problems. In the past forty years, the number in our population at ages sixty-five and over increased from three million to almost nine million. If this process continues, the population at these ages will reach twenty-two million about 1980. Along with this increase in number, and largely because of the decline in the birthrate, with a consequent diminution in the number of children among us, the proportion of persons 65 and over in our total population is mounting sharply. Figures show that in 1900 the proportion in that age group was about 4 per cent of the total; today, it is nearly 7 per cent, and by 1980, if the trend continues as expected, it will reach 14 per cent.

II

It is only natural that we should continue to seek for added years of life. What, then, can each of us do in his own behalf? Primarily,

there are a few simple rules of personal hygiene which people learn in grade school and later neglect shamefully in adult life. These rules are obvious but important: Get plenty of fresh air and sunlight. Take daily exercise in moderation. Take a shower or bath frequently to keep the pores open and active. Be sure that you are getting the correct balance of foods. Wear comfortable, warm clothing in cold weather. Avoid worry, anger, hatred and envy as much as is humanly possible. These are the basic rules. Add to them an annual medical checkup, an annual dental examination, and a constant alertness to safety precautions in the home, on the job and in the street.

These are things the normal individual can do for himself. Now let us consider what extensions in our average length of life we may expect from the advancing front of science. I have, from time to time, attempted to answer the question by constructing so-called "hypothetical" life tables. In 1922, for example, at a time when the average length of life in our country was a little under fifty-eight years, I prepared a table which indicated that if official and voluntary medical and health agencies joined with the people themselves in an intensive effort to utilize the knowledge

available, the average length of life for the entire nation could be raised to about sixty-five years.

Since 1922, this table has had to be revised twice because health conditions improved faster than was believed possible. I prepared a new table in 1933 and it gave an average length of life of just under seventy years. Today, scarcely a decade later, I have had to revise it again to reflect the constantly improving standards in mortality. The new life table may be again on the conservative side, but in any event it projects the average length of life to seventy-one years. The gain it shows is based entirely on reasonable assumptions of improvement in mortality.

Does this really set the limit for the future? Decidedly not. No claims of any kind were made in any of these estimates which would reflect the gains possible when the mysteries of certain important diseases are solved, as they certainly will be. At least one year would be added to the average length of life if we could solve the cancer problem and another year if we could achieve control of heart and circulatory impairments in middle life. Significant results would also follow the virtual elimination of tuberculosis and pneumonia as causes of death among people before they

reach their prime. These diseases cut off many lives prematurely, whereas cancer and heart disease, although they cause more deaths, are concentrated largely in old age, when there are few years of life left to salvage.

On the whole, therefore, it is possible to look optimistically toward further additions to the average lifetime, even beyond the present hypothetical limits.

But the hope for a longer life is not based alone on successful attacks against individual disease problems. There are wide possibilities in new fields which only now have been opened. This new work is so fundamental that in the long run it may create a level of human vitality so high that the average length of life will be increased well beyond the figure now attainable. Even the life span itself may be raised a little.

The new fields lie in the rapidly growing knowledge of nutrition and of gerontology — the study of the aging process. These two studies have much in common. Research indicates that a long period of poor diet hastens the degenerative changes associated with aging. What we eat certainly leaves its mark on us during our lifetimes, and indeed, may have an important influence on the length of our lives.

Nutrition laboratories have disclosed our nation's cruel dietary deficiencies, and the paradox of widespread malnutrition in the midst of huge food surpluses. Staple foods have been deprived, through ignorance, of the basic elements necessary for adequate nutrition, while we have pampered our taste with over-refined and rich foods. Moreover, in sizable areas of America, principally in the South, foods are lacking in certain essentials because the soil lacks basic chemical factors. Nor are bad diets necessarily due to poverty. The slim debutante, who stints herself on milk but overindulges in sweets, may suffer as serious nutritional deficiencies as the impoverished slum child.

From the standpoint of health and longevity, too much food can be as dangerous as too little. Fat people, for instance, succumb far more often than slim ones to the early onset of high blood pressure and its associated ailments of the heart, kidneys and blood vessels — all common causes of disability and death after forty-five. Overweight people are the chief victims of diabetes; they suffer more frequently from diseases like gallstones; and they are generally poorer surgical risks than persons of average weight or less.

If the findings among our men called for Selective Service are any index of the nation's health condition, then we are generally below the standards which the vast physical and medical resources of this country can provide us. Our young men, called up by the first draft, should have been at the peak of their physical fitness, but 28 per cent of those examined were classified as unfit for any service at all and another 15 per cent were accepted only for limited service. Although it is impossible to determine how far poor nutrition contributed to this state of affairs, it is significant that defective teeth led the causes for rejection. It is also known that serious inadequacies in diet may lead to functional eye disturbances, nervous and mental conditions, and to diseases of the respiratory system, all of which were prominent among the causes for rejection.

While medical science has labored successfully to prolong life at the far end of the age scale, nutrition experts have been dealing with the problem of infant mortality in the first few days and weeks of life. Today, as the result of experimentation with the diets of pregnant women, it is entirely possible that proper pre-natal feeding will save the lives of many thousands of infants and launch them into a

healthier childhood. Infant feeding, too, is now practically an exact science. This knowledge, along with better food and control of infections, is largely responsible for the sharp decline in infant mortality to the point where it is now only a small fraction of what it was two or three decades ago. Modern pediatricians find it easy to bring a child suffering from rickets and other nutritional deficiencies up to the physical and intellectual level of normal children. In the future, such deficiencies will be very largely prevented. And today, as the child grows up, his health is watched in the baby clinic, the pre-school clinic and in the school, to supplement the care he receives at home. All these steps, which fortify the bodies of children, increase resistance to the infections and breakdowns that prepare the way for early heart and kidney impairments in adult life. The effects are already apparent: children under fifteen years of age today have a death rate 60 per cent less than children of the same ages in 1920.

The core of the tremendous contribution which the science of nutrition has made to a longer life is contained in a succinct statement made by Professor Henry Sherman, of Columbia, in which he asserts that "a generous surplus of

calcium, above the level of minimal adequacy or absolute need, results in better growth and development of the young, a higher norm of adult health and vitality, and a longer lease of what we may call the prime of life — the period between the attainment of maturity and the onset of old age.” This is one example of what the comparatively new science of nutrition is doing to open up new avenues for increasing the vitality of our people and thereby also increasing their average length of life. If we, as a nation, would take seriously these new discoveries of science and apply them intensively in our daily lives, there is even the possibility of an increase in the span of life at some time in the future.

III

Science may have still another approach to the problems of vitality and life extension, although this one is much more conjectural. It has to do with the studies made on malfunction of the endocrine glands. Recent investigations show that such malfunctions appear generally to increase as we grow older and, as a result, vital activities begin to suffer. Hopes have been raised that our knowledge of endocrine functions might give us a

measure of control over the aging processes, but unfortunately, the field has been infested with quackery and pseudo-science so that the public has been considerably misled about the progress in this direction.

Nevertheless, there have been first-rate scientific contributions which relate the hormones to health and vigor. Step by step, therapeutic measures of an effective character are crystallizing out of the welter of research. It has long been clear that glandular deficiencies may be treated by administering the appropriate hormone, sometimes with striking results, but attention is now directed to an increasing degree on the prevention of these deficiencies.

Hormone therapy is strikingly demonstrated in the modern treatment of diabetes, a disease which usually results from a deficiency of insulin, a hormone of the pancreas. There are about six hundred thousand diabetics in this country. These diabetics, thanks largely to insulin, not only live longer but live more abundantly than pre-insulin diabetics. The gain is most impressive among diabetic children. A generation ago, most of them died within a year of the disease's onset. Today, according to the records of a leading clinic, the diabetic child of ten may expect to live another

forty years. The expectation of life of diabetics aged fifty rose from eight years, in the pre-insulin period, to fourteen and a half years, all within the last decade.

In spite of this and other successes, the hormone field is so vast and intricate that our knowledge of most of it is still relatively elementary. Some discoveries have been so extraordinary as to suggest that in the future, when more knowledge of the physiological action of the hormones and of the means to manufacture or synthesize them is obtained, powerful aids will be at our command to maintain healthy and vigorous bodies. But this is still prophecy; we cannot yet, nor in the immediate future, count on these aids.

One of the problems waiting exploration is the extent of the already known chemical relationship between vitamins and hormones. Many of the glands which produce the hormones are also depositories for the vitamins. A vitamin deficiency may, therefore, play some part in producing a hormone disorder. Conversely, adequate vitamin intake promotes proper hormonal balance.

To sum up, modern science offers the promise of, first, a greater vitality and longer life through correct nutrition. Secondly, by cor-

recting disturbances in the chemistry of our bodies which arise as we grow older, we may be able to carry the activities of our prime years well into old age. Our whole concept of the prime of life may be changed. Prevention of defects by vitamins is an accomplished fact, but it is only foreshadowed as yet in the hormonal field.

Such scientific study virtually ignores the claim of some biologists that heredity has a major part in determining the length of life. As a result of several investigations based on extensive insurance records, I can say that the influence of inheritance has clearly been of a minor order. One investigation disclosed that the average length of life for a group whose parents had both lived to be seventy-five years old was about two and one-third years greater than for a group in which both parents died before they were sixty. Heredity might have effected the present changes in longevity through complicated social mechanisms operating over many generations, but the same result has been achieved in a relatively short period of time through the control of environment. For example, our gain in average length of life during the last decade — four years — is more than could be achieved in a century by a

virtually impossible system of eugenic marriages.

Finally, the natural question arises: What can be done to realize the promises implied in current research? Clearly, it is the task of bringing the knowledge of these new facts to the people through intelligent and intensive use of every appropriate agency, public and private. Our health officers should expand their programs to include the promotion of correct and adequate nutrition. We must also encourage, by every means, the continued investigation of the medical and health problems which are still unsolved, such as cancer and the processes that lead to degeneration of the heart and blood vessels. As individuals interested in life prolongation, obviously we should submit ourselves to competent medical examination for

routine checkup. And to further the usefulness of our medical examinations, they should include a critical review of our diets.

The stakes are truly immeasurable. We all want to enjoy as long a period of activity as possible, — and for this, science is now providing the means more generously than ever. We must use them. An average length of life for our citizens of well over seventy years, or even as much as seventy-five years, is not a mirage; it can be a fact in little more than a generation. Further developments in the field of vitamins, or of hormones, or even in some as yet unforeseen direction, would open up new possibilities — not only of adding to the average length of life, but even of stretching the present limit of the life span. Then an altogether new vista would be opened.



Memo for 1942

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

❶ HE WHO DISSUADES one man from volunteering, or induces one soldier to desert, weakens the Union cause as much as he who kills a Union soldier in battle.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Clinical Stage Notes

IMPERSONAL CRITICISM — To speak of impersonal criticism is as ridiculous as to speak of impersonal drama, impersonal music, impersonal painting, or impersonal reaction to alcoholic liquor. There is no such thing. There is only live criticism and dead criticism. To speak of even the latter as impersonal is to confuse criticism with its practicing corpse.

MODERN ART — Most of latter-day art is merely the vain gesture of talent toward genius.

HOLLYWOOD VERSUS THE PLAYWRIGHT. — Ben Hecht was once, as almost everybody knows, a valuable playwright. As author in his early years of the highly amusing comedy, *The Egoist*, and as co-author somewhat later of that best of all newspaper farces, *The Front Page*, and that gay travesty of a well-known theatrical magnifico, *Twentieth Century*, he made a position for himself in the theatre. Hollywood thereupon lured him with its copious mazuma to the post of movie scenario writer.

Time passed and Hecht, now rich, deemed it meet to regain his lost self-pride in a return to his old love. He came back and wrote *To Quito and Back*, which had nothing of his former talent in it and failed both critically and popularly. He betook himself sadly to Hollywood once again, but presently the old urge was once more upon him. Again he came back and wrote *Lily of the Valley*, which indicated even less of his former talent and which failed in both directions even more signally. He is now back in Hollywood anew, sobbing wet tears over his defeat and indignantly blaming everyone but himself for it.

What was it that Hollywood did and has done to Hecht, as it has done to many others like him? If, at this point, you expect an extensive treatise from me embracing all the familiar things from the corruption of too easy money to the false standards of the films, and from the corruption of the Hollywood mind to the imposed surrender of artistic integrity, you are

doomed to disappointment, fortunately for you. I content myself rather with a single exhibit, itself both retroactively and presently illuminating enough, culled from the newspaper column of Mr. Sidney Skolsky, Hollywood's eminent Boswell:

Ben Hecht, who is now writing the picture, *China Girl*, has had his entire office redecorated to keep in the mood. Most writers' offices at Twentieth Century-Fox are white with two overhanging lights. But not Hecht's. His is remodeled to resemble a Chinese den and is now a dark blue with bright red drapes. He has lights on the walls, and a small oriental rug at the foot of a red and overstuffed chair. Also in the office is a Chinese gong, which he uses when he wants to call his secretary. He does not use the ordinary buzzer but hits the gong with a tom-tom. The gong is near a flat oriental table which he uses for a desk. It was after lunch time when I arrived but Hecht was having lunch in his den with a guest. For lunch he and his guest were having chop suey, Hecht eating his with chop-sticks. "I am trying to stay in the mood and period of my story," explained Hecht.

LAWYER AS THEATRE CRITIC — During his recent crusade against New York's License Commissioner Paul Moss and the latter's offensive usurpation to himself of dictatorship over the theatre's morals, Morris Ernst, the Peck's Good Boy of anti-censorship, thus indignantly and eloquently addressed the court: "Police have reported that some of

the burlesque skits have unsavory implications. Has there, I ask, been any musical comedy of any kind in New York without the use of double entendre in sexual themes in the history of our lifetime?"

I am on Morris' side, but I nevertheless can't help answering his question on behalf of a court that was apparently completely stumped by it. The answer is: yes, Morris. There have been any number of such musical comedies. I name only a few: *The Arcadians*, *Sweethearts*, *Babes in Toyland*, *Robin Hood*, *Eileen*, *The Dollar Princess*, *Sari*, *Simple Simon*, *Three Little Girls*, *Princess Charming*, *Woodland*, *The Prince of Pilsen*, *Three Twins*, *Music in the Air*, *Show Boat*, *The Student Prince*, *Rainbow*, *Blossom Time*, *The Geisha*, *The Laugh Parade*, *The O'Flynn*, *Susanna*, *Don't You Cry*. And there have been thirty or forty others. Sorry, Morris.

ON THE EFFECT OF SMUT — It seems to be the firm conviction of such moralists as the above-mentioned Moss that smut of the kind merchanted in the burlesque houses is bound to inflame the libido of the customers and send them rushing out to inflict that which is worse than death upon a helpless female population. As a patron of

burlesque for more than forty years, and as a reporter of both myself and every other attendant I ever knew, it is difficult for me to understand how the peculiar Mosses arrive at their concupiscent philosophy. If ever there was a male over sixteen years of age who, after giving ear to two hours of uninterrupted filth, felt otherwise than going right back straight home and getting a little relief by reading *Alice in Wonderland*, I haven't heard of him. Nothing so purges the mind of indecency as too much indecency. The most moral force in this world is a really dirty burlesque show.

TOWARD ILLUSION — Anyone who reads a play in script and then sees it in stage performance is doomed often to be disappointed by the looks of the actors engaged to portray its rôles. The fancy has conjured up a different human pattern, and not only is that fancy subsequently dismayed but valuable illusion sorely wrecked. Ross Bagdasarian, the boy who played the pin-ball game devotee in *The Time of Your Life* has evolved, I am informed, a plan at least partly to minimize the difficulty. Whether it would work, I hesitate unequivocally to say the one way or the other, but I nevertheless present it

for what it may be worth. It is Bagdasarian's contribution toward a possible solution of the problem that the stage curtain be raised only to a level with the actors' knees, that the rest of them be hidden from the audience's vision, and that that vision be thus permitted beautifully to picture the characters on its own and to its entire aesthetic satisfaction.

I should add, maybe, for the benefit of such readers as may oddly think the idea a bit crazy, that Bagdasarian is William Saroyan's first cousin.

ON CRITICS — Writing of his play *Jason*, Samson Raphaelson observes, "Here, for the first time in the history of the American theatre, the New York drama critics were seeing a play about a critic." Like the hereinbefore mentioned Mr. Ernst, Mr. Raphaelson's acquaintance with the history of the American theatre seems to be somewhat limited. The New York drama critics had seen various plays about a critic, among them Sheridan's *The Critic*, Shaw's *Fanny's First Play* (which contained not merely one but several of the species), and, only the year before, *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

Writing in turn about Mr. Raphaelson's play *Jason*, Brooks

Atkinson, drama critic for the New York *Times*, observes very acidly:

If drama critics live with the magnificence of Jason, this department is being cheated. . . . For Jason maintains the establishment of a merchant prince with the taste of a fashionable woman's magazine, and his wife wallows in the height or depth of luxury. . . . Dressed by the most expensive tailor in town, perfectly appointed, he walks back and forth in his book-lined and divan'd living-room . . . promoting the social level of criticism to something approximating a butler's dream.

The simple stage facts first. Far from the magnificence envied by Mr. Atkinson, Jason the critic was shown, in John Root's setting, to live in quarters so relatively modest that the kitchen appeared to be directly adjacent to the living room. The living room itself was plainly and inexpensively furnished — some book shelves, a single divan, a table with a vase on it, and with Jason's small writing desk crowded to the narrow hall's entrance, where the light was so dim he probably ruined his eyes. There was a single Negro maid, and the wife, far from wallowing in luxury, had to do kitchen service when guests were expected. Jason himself, far from being dressed by a particularly expensive tailor, appeared to be on the Roger Kent side. And as for the social level of criticism being promoted to ap-

proximate a butler's dream, a household given exclusively, it seemed, to the entertainment of such fashionables as Irish steam-fitters, Armenian playwrights, vagrant harmonica players, tramp seamen and the lesser variety of journalistic theatre reviewers and, further, to serving them ham and cheese sandwiches, might very well give any butler who had ever buttled outside a Jules Eckert Goodman play a conniption fit.

But I am not trying to teach Mr. Atkinson accurate reporting. What I am trying to suggest to him, politely as is notoriously my invariable wont, is a closer scrutiny of many of his fellow members of the Critics' Circle. Beside them, Jason is a veritable hand-me-down. For example. Mr. Richard Watts, of the *Herald Tribune*, lives in an expansive, rare old oil-painting-hung Fifth Avenue setting, dines frequently in the most expensive restaurants, and is the imminent owner of a large stable of first-rate racing horses. Mr. John Anderson, of the *Journal-American*, has a country house in Connecticut to which he motors from his *recherché* town apartment, which boasts the most treasured drinking glassware and some of the best stuff to pour into it in New York. Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, of the *Nation*, and

Mr. Richard Lockridge, of the *Sun*, also have estates in Connecticut in addition to town pied-à-terres, the latter critic being a next-door neighbor in that respect, in Washington Square, to President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Mr. Stark Young, of the *New Republic*, has elaborate diggings in East 57th Street, with butler, valet and serving maid, and Mr. Walter Winchell, of the *Mirror*, has an income of almost a half million dollars a year, an estate in Hawthorne, New York, covering fifty acres and embellished with the largest marble swimming pool this side of Hollywood, and several motor cars at his immediate beck and call. Mr. John Mason Brown, of the *World-Telegram*, is imbedded in the Social Register and entertains at dinner lavishly no less than three times a week; Mr. Wolcott Gibbs of the *New Yorker* lives in a lovely house with a spacious flower garden in the East Fifties, is a direct descendant of Prexy Martin Van Buren, and has charge accounts at all the more fashionable restaurants and night clubs; and — to shorten the list in the interests of space — Mr. Atkinson himself lives modestly in spacious quarters on Riverside Drive, has a charming country place some distance from town, travels comfortably to it in his

private car, and yells bloody murder if anyone serves him Scotch less than fifteen years old.

Mr. Watts once criticized Robert Benchley, then drama critic for the *New Yorker*, who, incidentally, lived and lives the life of Reilly, as toadying to the rich, whereto Benchley witheringly replied that Watts, with his affectation of blue shirts and mussed clothes, toadied to the poor. Mr. Benchley might, it seems, in view of the facts, have included in his criticism Mr. Brooks Atkinson.

AMENDMENT — It has been said, foolishly, that no actor has ever failed as Hamlet. It might better be said, and wisely, that no actor has ever succeeded as Lear.

HAM — A ham is, simply, any actor who has not been successful in repressing his natural instincts.

LEGS — One of the disconcerting things about our stage is actresses' legs. Outside of the musical shows, there presently aren't more than a dozen actresses at most, whether young or not so young, whose underpinnings serve without pictorial violation the rôles they are called upon to supplement. Short skirts have made the agony even more agonized. Comedy rôles can

survive any kind of legs, but there are other rôles, romantic, legendary, fanciful, tragic and what not, that are regularly being robbed of much of their effect by bow legs, piano legs, lumpy legs, knotted legs, all-ankle legs, elephant legs, bowling pin legs, duck legs, squat legs, and legs that look as if they had previously belonged to a penguin. Congress ought to do something about it.

ANOTHER RULE PASSES — One of the drama's most successful devices, although I have never seen it mentioned, consists in arousing the audience's keen expectation that something is going to happen and then never allowing it to happen. The opposite is unanimously held to be true and has been held to be true since the drama's very beginnings, to wit, as the phrase goes, that above all a playwright must never under any circumstances disappoint an audience. Read the professors. Yet, like so many other things confidently announced by the professors, it isn't so. The audience at the exceptionally successful thriller, *Angel Street*, is led by the dramatist throughout the evening to expect someone to appear on the eerily lighted staircase in the house of murder, yet at the end of the play

no one has appeared. And the resident impression is twice as thrilling and dramatically twice as satisfying.

In *Family Portrait*, the drama about the family of Christ, the audience was made to anticipate the entrance of Jesus at various points in the course of the play. But He never appeared, and again the effect was perfect.

There are any number of other such cases and they prove once again that the more the professors insist you can't do a certain thing in drama, the more you may be sure you not only can do it but can get away with it handsomely.

ON ROTTING THE MIND — One frequently hears it remarked that critical attendance upon so many bad plays must "rot the mind," and also that out of such bad plays no criticism can amount to anything or flourish. Take a look, I suggest, at George Bernard Shaw's famous two volumes of criticism, *Dramatic Opinions and Essays*, which guaranteed his world position as the finest drama critic of his day and time. A very considerable portion of the plays reviewed in them were the trashy outgivings of such playwrights as Sardou, Sydney Grundy, Franklin Fyles, David Belasco, A. Conan Doyle,

Augustin Daly, Clarence Hamlyn, H. M. Paull, Wilkie Collins, Paul Potter, Hall Caine, H. V. Esmond, F. C. Burnand, Seymour Hicks, Charles Brookfield, Edward E. Rose, Wilson Barrett, Leonard Outram, Stuart Gordon, Madeleine Lucette Ryley, Robert Buchanan, Leonard Outram, Clo Graves, G. Stuart Ogilvie, G. G. Collingham, Cecil Raleigh, Henry Hamilton, W. E. Henley, Edward Knoblauch, and Robert Hichens. And among the many rubbishy plays by these authors that helped to raise Shaw to critical eminence were such unspeakable stinkers as *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, *The Railroad of Love*, *Poor Mr. Potton*, *The Chili Widow*, *The Manxman*,

The Sign of the Cross, *Jedbury Junior*, *The Romance of the Shop-Walker*, *For the Crown*, *True Blue* ("a new and original drama of the Royal Navy"), *The Sin of St. Hulda*, *A Night Out*, *The Match-maker*, *The Wanderer from Venus*, *Under the Red Robe*, *The Sorrows of Satan*, *The Daughters of Babylon*, *Nelson's Enchantress*, *Admiral Guinea*, *The Heart of Maryland*, *The Club Baby*, and *The Medicine Man*, not to mention various children's pantomimes and jitney musical shows.

If, forsooth, they rotted Shaw's mind, he had then, he had thereafter, and he retains still to all intents and purposes the most intelligent and enlightened rotten mind in England.



A Message to the President

BY WENDELL WILLKIE

THE "Free Browderites" have practically committed themselves to the immediate institution of a "Free Fritz Kuhn" movement. A logical suggestion would be that these lovers of liberty, free trial and civil liberties effect a merger and dub this movement "Free Browder and Kuhn." How about it?

— From an article by Mr. Willkie written some time before the President freed Comrade Browder.

LIFE WITH THE EXPERTS

AT 10:57 A.M. on December 6, twenty hours before the attack on Hawaii, the Dow Jones wire carried the following dispatch:

Washington DC — Official Washington today believes that tension in the Far East has eased slightly. There now is fairly good reason to hope there will be no major conflict in the Pacific for the next few weeks at least.

THE *New Republic* consulted its conscience and recorded some wishful thinking prophecies:

1. February 24, 1926

A government like that of Mussolini can hardly survive for long in contemporary Europe. The European peoples are beginning a process of economic and political conciliation which will end in some form of loose customs union and political federation. . . . The work will probably be carried on under the leadership of Germany. . . .

2. March 15, 1933

The German labor movement is too solidly founded to be shattered by governmental brutality or swerved from its course by nationalist intoxication. It proves, furthermore, that Hitler will not be able to ride roughshod over Social Democrats, communists and trade unions as did Benito Mussolini in the less industrially developed Italy.

THE FAMOUS political journalist, "Augur," writing from London to the *New York Times*, commented on a French statesman as of January 27, 1935:

M. Laval cannot relish the prospect of being accused of betraying the interests of his country, however much an accusation may in the end turn out to be ill-founded.

THE LEARNED Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, reassured the nation on October 27, 1941, some weeks before Pearl Harbor:

What vital interests of the United States can Japan threaten? She cannot attack us. That is a military impossibility. Even our base at Hawaii is beyond the effective striking power of her fleet.

HANSON W. BALDWIN, military analyst, wrote in *Life* for August 4, 1941:

But on the basis of all past experience — on our limited knowledge of the Red Army, on the operations of the first month — the world can anticipate in Russia another quick and decisive German victory.

{Readers are invited to contribute to this department. If possible, attach actual clipping or other source. — ED.}

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

The Raccoon

THERE are certain birds and animals and vegetations that have a special flavor of America about them, a particular closeness to this country's native earth and an intimacy with its history and spirit.

The bloodroots that in early May spread their glabrous leaves and white-petalled flowers across the dark mold of the woods are peculiarly evocative of this land's special past; for bloodroot was that plant — *puccoon* — from whose crimson stems and roots the Indians crushed out the juice with which to stain their somber faces in the ceremonial patternings of worship and war. Similarly, the bison, stamped on our coins and seals, and the great white-headed eagle, blazoned on currency and official pronouncements and documents of state, are rich with meanings and associations peculiarly American. The breath of the sweeping prairies, the "buffalo wind," murmurs and rushes still in American remembrance, and the huge, hump-shouldered beast embossed upon a nickel is a poignant

symbol of a yesterday that has left a heritage still in the American blood: a yesterday of the clean and primitive wilderness, the westward adventuring frontiers, the fecund earth and rolling plains and shining, unmarked sky.

Magically evocative is an eagle: evocative of the young beginnings of the American dream, of the hushed, far-stretching forests of the land before the sawmill touched it, of the spirit of a primal freedom that lay alike across the land itself and passionately in the hearts of men who had come to that land, emigrants from old cultures that had turned inward and over-intricate and sick, pilgrims to this fresh green morning-land, where hope could thrust its taproot into a strong and uncorrupted soil.

America is a young country. We are not far from the wilderness. The American Eden is still recent and the love of it still persists in our blood, as a man's personal Eden of boyhood is still vivid and poignant and influencing to him in young manhood, and not yet become the

distant and meaningless dream that it may seem to his faithless latter years and far-alienated heart. The American spirit is still close, creaturely-close, to the American earth. And so it is that a bison, or an eagle, or a flowering *puccoon*, can curiously stir and lift the heart, and conjure reminiscence and a re-awareness of things that are intimate and meaningful in America's only-yesterday. The symbol and the reality have not yet, as in many an older land, drawn far apart.

A man may not easily see an eagle now, unless he can go to the untouched forests, and he can see no bison except on the reservations where the remnant herds are cherished. But one animal, at least, that is vividly evocative of America's wilderness days and frontier life, he can find in almost any small stream-watered woods, any brook-cleft meadowland, in any part of his country save the regions north of the fiftieth parallel of latitude. It is an animal bound up as closely with America's birth and youth as eagle or bison, an animal known to every child who has ever looked with enchanted eyes at a picture of Davy Crockett or Daniel Boone or John James Audubon.

It is the raccoon.

Not only native to America, but indigenous uniquely in this land,

raccoons were intimately a part of the texture of American life from the beginning. They furnished the settler his coonskin cap; they furnished sport to him, and food occasionally; so familiarly were they a part of wilderness life that they became, among the Delawares, a currency: the aboriginal equivalent of a shilling. Today they still haunt the American woods, wherever there are hollow trees and nearby water. The curious little barkings and churrings and quaverings which are their utterance are still a part of the wild music of the American night, except where strident cities have obliterated all voices but the voice of the machine.

To know them is to know a creature as distinctively American as a wake-robin, and as eloquent of the country's old wilderness heart. It is in the cavity of a hollow tree, fifteen to twenty feet or higher above the forest floor, that the raccoon begins its life experience. The season is late April or early May. The parent coons, hibernating only lightly and intermittently and seldom possessed, even in bitterest midwinter, by such deep, oblivious sleep as holds the woodchucks and chipmunks, have stirred from their drowsing and mated in January or February. Now, in the teeming season of blooming elders

and flowering shadblow and black-snakes sunning themselves in the returned spring warmth, the young are blinking their berry-black little eyes and tussling together in the darkness of the high tree nest, making small sounds of chipping and churring and squeaking, raising themselves on stout little hind legs to peep out of the nest hole at the spring world into which they will presently go wayfaring.

From an early age, a young raccoon resembles its parents; which is to say that it has the look, in the Indian phrase, of *The Black Masked Little Bear*. While the young coon is still confined, with its four or five small, furry, litter fellows, to the security of the nest hollow, and long before that day when, clumsily and backwards, it descends the tree trunk in the dusk to make its own first catch of food and its own first exploration of the night world, it is unmistakably a coon. The stout little body, which will weigh fifteen or twenty pounds before autumn comes, is thick-furred with a long, loose pelage of indeterminate yellow and tawny and gray; across the broad and wide-jowled little face is imprinted a heavy band of pure black; the long, furry tail, bushy as a squirrel's, is banded vividly with broad black rings.

The little raccoon, ring-tailed

and black-masked, is clearly a coon even before he is old enough to fare abroad. When he raises himself to peep out of the nest hole, his little hind feet stand flatly, for a coon is plantigrade, sole-walking, like his relatives the bears and badgers, and does not rest weight on his toes; and when he tussles and wrestles with his nest fellows, in the manner of all young wild animals, he is already emitting the odd little barking and snarling that is the sound of coon excitement and coon anger.

Many animals, when they leave the burrow or den or hollow where they were born, leave it forever. The family unit does not endure beyond the time of weaning and the acquisition, by the young one, of the instinctive lores which will enable it to make its way alone and free. But this is not the way among raccoons. Like the skunks, they retain the entity of the family long after the young are old enough to go alone. Sometimes they retain it for nearly a year.

II

And so it is that when at last, on an early summer evening, the young raccoon comes venturing forth from his birth nest and clambers backward, bear fashion, to the ground, he is customarily one of a

company. His mother comes, too, and the others of the litter and he is not often solitary as he makes his way, with inborn predilection, toward the small stream or marsh from which a coon hollow is never far distant. No wild animals, humanly speaking, "teach" their young; but they render the unconscious instruction of example, and give encouragement to quicken the perfecting of the instinctive knowledges in their offspring. And it is well that the young coon is not motherless in the nights of his early expeditions. There are many things that he must know. Night after night, in the summer darkness, he perfects the knowing of them.

Bear-footed, slow, he lumbers along the brook banks and the marsh edges. It is in his coon blood to love darkness and the damp exhalation of sedgy places and the sound of flowing water. Slowly, placidly, he investigates the shallow pools. His forepaws are as agile and dexterous as little hands and very gently he explores with them in the dark water, feeling for the touch of the cool body of a frog or a crawfish or even a darting minnow. His clutch, when he has touched prey, is quick and clever and it improves with practice. When he has taken fast hold of a sleepy frog or a small, struggling dace, he lifts it from the

water and holds it tightly in his forepaws and turns it this way and that, scrutinizing it. Presently, very gravely, before he carries it to his mouth and begins his feeding, he dips it in the water again and washes it. He turns it over and over, scrubbing and rinsing. Not until the morsel has been cleansed to his satisfaction does he lift it from the water again and make his meal. The rite is as old as the race of raccoons, as immemorial and as compelling as the head lowering and forepaw pattering of skunks before they loose their scent against an enemy.

The arts of fishing are only one of the lores which the raccoon perfects as the months pass. He learns in what season it is rewarding to leave the stream banks and go overland, among man's farm acres, to pluck the ripening sweet corn. He comes to be able to strip the ears with his forepaws, and to scratch up the seed mounds with the ten heavy non-retractile claws that are the forepaws' armament.

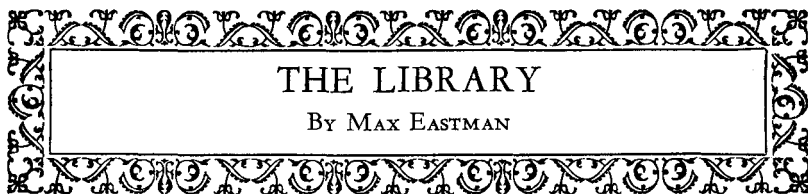
Most important of all, he learns the special tricks and skills of climbing. Though his body has so heavy and cumbrous a look, as he waddles along the brook banks leaving his flat-footed track — like the prints of the naked foot of a little child — he can be agile as a squirrel when

he is among the tree branches. Night after night he scurries up into the treetops, learning how slender a twig will bear his weight, how long a leap he can make from branch to branch, how best he can move with such subtlety and soundlessness that he can surprise a sleeping bird on its nest and dine both on warm flesh and warm eggs. Extraordinarily skilled does he become in time, and most of the hours when he is not fishing are spent high above the earth, among the leaves.

To fish, to prowl the treetops in the darkness, to wander in the woods and meadows for fruit and nuts: this becomes the pattern of the raccoon's life. In early mornings, often, he lies in the high branches and suns himself; in the noondays, he sleeps, lying placid on his back, with his forepaws covering his black-masked little eyes. On moonlit nights, sometimes, he is moved — as even the gravest of wild animals may be — to rush and cavort and frolic a little, in simple play. Such are the ways of his life until the winter comes, when, in the nights of the first heavy frosts, he dens up, drowsy and content, with fellow raccoons in the hollow of the tree again, to lie half-sleeping and half-waking until the next spring shall rouse

him to his own breeding time and the begetting of a family of black-masked and ring-tailed coonlets of his own.

In primal America, wilderness America, a raccoon had few enemies but the big marten called a fisher. Few predators but the fisher were strong and stealthy and tree-skilled enough to kill a coon. Now, in later America, the raccoon has men's hounds for enemies. But even these cannot always vanquish him. When he is hound-treed, the placidness sometimes vanishes from a coon, and when he is shaken to earth, he lands fighting and furious, lying on his back and slashing with his heavy claws, snarling and growling and snapping dexterously with teeth as long and sharp as a dog's. He cannot always save himself, but sometimes he can. And if he can triumph over dogs and guns, he stands a chance of dying a kind of death that is not common in the woods world: the peaceful death of an achieved old age, a succumbing to natural infirmity. A raccoon, more often than most other kinds of beasts, may die in a quiet drifting into nothingness . . . a gently dimming dreaming, it may be fancied, of the taste of a brook-fresh crawfish and the smell of ripening corn.



Close-up of Our Own Immortals

RECEIVING an invitation to attend a "Ceremonial and Exhibition" by the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters, meeting in joint session, I decided to call off reading a particular author this month, and go take a look at them all in the flesh. It was not, on the whole, a heartening sight. I came away with a feeling that what American art and letters need most is setting-up exercises. They are hollow-chested to a degree. And where not hollow-chested, they incline to an overload of pulp.

The ceremonial was held in the auditorium of a mausoleum-like building in New York erected for the American Academy by Archer Huntington, and belonging in the same group with the Hispanic Museum and the Museum of the Numismatic Society. One approached the Ceremonial and Exhibition, therefore, in a somewhat retrospective, not to say a graveyard, mood. Moreover, the stage was occupied at first only by a

couple of hundred vacant chairs of the kind provided for funerals and those well-illuminated chairs were kept waiting a good half hour, until, to the eye of a dreamy spectator, they seemed actually to widen their jaws in eagerness for the honored bottoms that were to satisfy their chairish thirst. When the immortals did actually file in, to the accompaniment of heroic music, they filed rather sheepishly, and with a look of having removed with some effort the expression normally inherent in their faces — all except Alexander Brook, who smiled mischievously as though to say:

"You thought we were immortal, didn't you? Well, the joke is on you — we're alive!"

What with their incurved frames and deadpan faces, these high priests of art and letters reminded me so vividly of the long-buried victims who come trooping up out of the cellar for the curtain call in *Arsenic and Old Lace*, that I pinned my eyes on Alex as one does on an oasis in a desert. He is an unusually

merry Great Man, and was perhaps only taking his immortality with natural good cheer, but I thought he was enjoying, as I was, a comic emotion.

Walter Damrosch, the President of the Academy, rose first to explain what the National Institute and the American Academy are, an explanation whose necessity did not enhance the solemnity of the occasion. The Institute, it seems, was created by spontaneous combustion in 1898, a few artists and writers selecting themselves as worthy of the honor, and then voting in others up to the number of 250. These 250 were not, properly speaking, immortal, but they had the power to confer immortality — which they did in 1904 by electing seven of their number to form the Academy. These seven elected other immortals to the number of fifty, a figure which is maintained by occasional elections and ceremonial inductions such as the present one.

"We are supposed to represent the flower of the Institute," Mr. Damrosch said of the Academy, and added in the silence which followed: "Well, do we?"

There was no answer from the audience. But when he further remarked that "there are better fish in the sea than were ever caught,"

this abstract proposition was endorsed, unless my own eagerness deceived me, by one timid hand-clap. My mind reverted to a conversation I had had not long before with E. E. Cummings. Cummings had received from Henry Seidel Canby, the secretary, a notification of his election to the American Institute, and therewith a decoration to wear in his buttonhole and a booklet of members with his name already printed in it. Cummings is an untamed sort of fish who does not like to be caught on an academic hook and he called up a lawyer to inquire what action he could take to stop the false and unwarranted publication of his name. He finally contented himself with writing a letter:

Dear Canby,

No sale.

Yours sincerely, e.e.cummings.

P.S. I enclose button and booklet.

The new fish caught, or rather "inducted," into the Academy on this occasion were John Alden Carpenter, composer; Barry Faulkner, artist; Henry Shepley, architect; John Sloan, artist; and Eugene Speicher, artist. James Truslow Adams did the inducting. It consists of reading a paragraph in praise of the new member, after which he rises from his place and is handed a booklet. It was sad to me

to see John Sloan receiving immortality from an Academy. In the days of his youth, when we used to conspire together in the old *Masses* against all stodgy and ceremonial standards of value in the name of a revolution we believed would sweep these things away forever, he would have been as little prone to accept it as Adams would to bestow it upon him.

"The National Academy? I wouldn't touch it with my dead hand!" he would have said.

At least, that is my surviving impression and the phrase, at least, is his own. It was applied to some highly respectable institution he had been invited in my presence to join and it re-echoed like a ghost-voice in my memory as I watched him through this rather humiliating process of "induction." "John, you are a lot more immortal than that!" I wanted to reassure him.

Twelve new members were added to the Institute: Tom Benton, Alexander Brook, John Steuart Curry, Guy Pène duBois, Eric Gugler, John Marin, Stow Wengenroth, artists; Erskine Caldwell, James T. Farrell, Ralph Barton Perry, Katherine Anne Porter, writers; and Aaron Copland, composer. Farrell, who professes to be a very revolutionary anti-philistine, satisfied a presumable conflict

of motives by accepting the honor, but not coming up to receive it. It is just as well, for Canby inducted him as "John T. Farrell" and it would have been embarrassing to all if, after hearing himself described as a very-near immortal, he had had to say, on receiving a printed certification of it: "The name is James. . . ."

A note of comfort for the skeptical and irreverent was introduced by the bestowal of one thousand dollars in downright coin of the realm upon Horace Gregory, Peggy Bacon, Muriel Rukeyser and eight other artists, writers and composers, and five hundred dollars upon Charles E. Burchfield and three others. There was comfort also in an address by Lewis Mumford on the subject, "What Shall American Letters Do To Be Saved?" His answer was: "We must do to ourselves what we have left to posterity, exercise a sterner choice." . . . We must oppose "qualitative intensity to mere multiplication. . . . The pages we leave empty will perhaps teach more than the pages we fill." It happened that Arthur Train, as president of the Institute, received this douse from not more than three feet above his head — for the stage was pretty well crowded with these celebrities — but he did not flinch. Nor

did Mumford himself hesitate to multiply his vital and succinct remark to a point where qualitative intensity, to my already wearied mind at least, was lost.

I was very much brought to life, and so was the whole audience, when Edward Margetson, Negro composer who had received one of the thousand dollar awards, introduced a chorus of Negro singers, male and female, who rendered two of his compositions with enthusiastic delicacy and vigor. They all stood straight up with their chests in front of them and their heads in the air — an object lesson to American arts and letters which, together with Lewis Mumford's sound advice and those cash awards, ought almost to make up for the devastating effect of this induction into academic immortality.



Her publishers feel sure they have launched a new and significant literary career in issuing Mary McCarthy's *The Company She Keeps*.¹ It would be easier to judge if they had not put so ravishing a picture of Mary herself on the jacket. The picture haunts you as you read the book and it is impossible to shake off the impression that it is a portrait of the heroine as well as the author. This, especially,

because the book is obviously not a novel, but a series of medium-length stories, some written in the first person, some in the third, and none of them really connected except by the presence in each of a young and attractive girl who is never described. This purports to be a "new kind of novel" and the author disarms her more casual critics with an adroit foreword: "If the reader is moved to ask: 'Can all this be the same person?' why, that is the question that both the heroine and the author are up against. For the search is not conclusive: there is no deciding which of these personalities is the 'real' one."

I was moved, on the contrary, to ask: "Can these be *different* persons, the one who says 'I' and the one who says 'she,' and the one who shines so ineffably on the back cover?" I notice that Margaret Sargent, when she speaks in the first person, employs the same subtly perceptive and mordantly intelligent prose that Mary McCarthy does when speaking about Margaret in the third person. Sometimes she is rich and sometimes poor; sometimes she is hard as nails and sometimes warmly comprehending; but she is always a startlingly brilliant writer.

All this is a circuitous way of say-

¹ \$2.50. Simon and Schuster.

ing that I agree with the publishers about the significant literary career they have launched. Only I wish they had launched it frankly with a volume of short stories. In such a volume, the chapter entitled "Portrait of the Intellectual As a Yale Man" — which is, after all, eighty pages long — would stand up

alone, as it deserves to, an exquisite, a finished, a devastating work of art. It would stand with Babbitt, and with Henry L. Mencken's Boob — who is also a famous character in our fiction — as one more stepping stone, or beacon light, in America's slow but inexorable coming of age.

THE CHECK LIST

NON-FICTION

HEROES I HAVE KNOWN, by Max Eastman. \$3.00. *Simon & Schuster*. By this time, Mr. Eastman has had himself compared to Carlyle, been laid out on the dissecting table of social significance, and accused of subversive motives of several different shades — but it is just possible that he intended "Heroes I Have Known" to be nothing more than a twelve-portrait gallery of people he enjoys writing about. Thus accepted on its own merits, the book is quite simply enjoyable, penetrating and as thoroughly individual as Mr. Eastman himself. The portraits are diverse in both subject and treatment. Sigmund Freud and Mark Twain, Anatole France and Mr. Eastman's mother, Isadora Duncan and Charlie Chaplin — each one is pictured as the author knew the subject and consequently each portrait is different in everything except style. It may well be that Mr. Eastman himself emerges indirectly as the thirteenth hero.

GOODBYE JAPAN, by Joseph Newman. \$2.50. *L. B. Fischer*. Another book on Japan by the former Tokyo correspondent of the

New York *Herald Tribune*, and one of the best. Mr. Newman is especially good in his discussion of basic Nipponese philosophy, which has not much more use for the Nazis than for the democracies. The Japanese, he says, look upon themselves as having "a heavenly mission to conquer the world, . . . to establish a divine order . . . to which all countries and all creeds must submit willingly or be crushed into submission."

CANADA MOVES NORTH, by Richard Finnie. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. A comprehensive and sprightly-written account of the history, customs and culture of the Northwest Territories, by a man who knows the section from first-hand experience, long study and extensive exploration. His criticisms of most writings in the field are severe, as is his analysis of the missionary work of Catholic and Anglican priests. There are many fine reproductions of photographs, and two end-paper maps.

WIDE MARGINS: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PUBLISHER, by George Palmer Putnam. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. The son and grandson of a publisher whose name

appeared on the same title pages of books by such giants as Poe, Lowell, Cooper, Hawthorne and Bryant, here relates some of his own experiences in the field. He tells not only of his lucky hits but also of his unlucky rejections, the latter including Ripley's "Believe It or Not." Altogether, a pleasant book for those in the trade and for the general public.

THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS, by Elliot Paul. \$2.75. *Random House*. For twenty years, on and off, Mr. Paul lived on the tiny Rue de la Huchette in Paris. Through his memories of the people, their attitudes and opinions, he has drawn a cross-section of the middle and lower classes of France which goes far to explain the French débâcle.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM AND RESEARCH, by Geoffrey Tillotson. \$3.75. *Macmillan (Cambridge University Press)*. For the scholar, or even a reasonably serious lay student of English literature, these essays are a delight. Mr. Tillotson's erudition, coupled with a non-erudite prose style, illuminates admirably his twenty-two excursions into critical research, beginning with Robert Henryson and ending with A. E. Coppard.

FICTION

MUD ON THE STARS, by William Bradford Huie. \$2.75. *L. B. Fischer*. Closely autobiographical novels are seldom astute social documents. "Mud On the Stars" is unusually skillful in combining the two. It is the story of a man of thirty, plantation-born, and deeply rooted in the Old South, who has lived hard and rapidly and has participated fully in the new and revolutionary America of the last decade. Bill Huie, as well as the hero of the book, Garth Lafavor, is completely the child of "the Roosevelt generation." But he is not its spoiled child. He has already worked his way through the chaos of this brief generation to the timeless values of our democracy. For this task of working his way through a revolutionary period, Bill Huie has two rarely complementary gifts: he lacks all false shame, self pity, the wish to

romanticize or hold back; and he has great powers of astute introspection — both into himself and our society. This is one of the most brutally honest books I have read for a long time, yet it is neither cynical nor hard-boiled. Garth Lafavor comes to the conclusion that there can be no liberty without ordinary decency, no real revolution which does not return to fundamental, traditional values. Otherwise, "freedom" is only a half-truth leading to more and bigger lies. And the experiences which led Garth to this simple conclusion are sufficiently exciting to keep you awake most of the night.

— BENJAMIN STOLBERG.

CALAMITY TOWN, by Ellery Queen. \$2.00. *Little, Brown*. Ellery, posing as a "Mr. Smith," comes to Wrightsville to do some writing, but is soon involved with the town's best family and an arsenic murder. Mr. Queen's first novel in three years and well worth waiting for.

SEVENTEENTH SUMMER, by Maureen Daly. \$2.50. *Dodd, Mead*. A summer idyll done with great skill and honesty. Miss Daly manages to describe Angie's first date, first kiss, first "fight," and final parting — because of the reopening of school in the fall — with all the haunting tenderness which even that vulgarizer, "mature sense," cannot wholly erase. The novel was awarded the Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship.

ONCE OFF GUARD, by J. H. Wallis. \$2.50. *Dutton*. Professor Wanley, a summer bachelor, drinks too much brandy, relaxes his guard and is picked up by a girl. Murder ensues and his guilty conscience and fear of exposure tortures him unmercifully. A psychological thriller which holds the reader to the end — the bitter end.

NOVELTY ON EARTH, by Margaret Duley. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. John Murray Blair and Sara Colville fall in love, but Blair is married and his first love is his son. Not a conventional romance, but a little too much on the philosophical side to make really engrossing reading.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

ALICE-LEONE MOATS (*The Legend of Sir Stafford Cripps*), an American born in Mexico City, is now back in her home town, trying, she reports, "to get rid of some of the fat I put on in Moscow, where I lived on a more or less steady diet of caviar and champagne." The reducing régime consists mostly of hard work on a book about her year-and-a-half assignment for *Collier's*, recently concluded, which took her around the world. The assignment began in September 1940. While she waited eight months for a Soviet visa, she wandered around the Orient, poking into Japan, Indo-China, Singapore, Rangoon, the Burma Road and Chungking. She flew to Moscow from Chungking early in May 1941, remained there through the Nazi invasion until October 15, when all diplomats and foreign correspondents were evacuated to Kuibyshev. She started home again on November 12 -- in the famed "lost" plane carrying Litvinoff, Quentin Reynolds and others. Miss Moats began her literary career in 1933 with the best-selling *No Nice Girl Swears*.

NELSON ALGREN (*He Swung And He Missed*) cashed in his first short story sale for a half interest in the abandoned filling station, on the outskirts of Rio Hondo in the Rio Grande Valley, where he had written the piece. In the nine years since, this young writer has contributed tough, poetic prose to a half-dozen magazines and has published two novels, one this year titled *Never Come Morning*.

ALBERT A. BRANDT (*Hitler Prepares For German Civil War*) is a German professor who left his homeland after the Nazis took power. Having maintained extensive contacts with German sources through unorthodox channels, Dr. Brandt has written numerous articles in American publications on developments inside Germany.

DR. LOUIS I. DUBLIN (*Your Life Expectancy*) is a biologist and statistician who has worked with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for more than thirty years and is now its Third Vice-President and chief statistician. He has created a considerable literature on human longevity and population questions.

ZORA NEALE HURSTON (*Story in Harlem Slang*), who is as noted for her influence on Negro folk concerts as for her writing, spent this spring at Paramount Studios as technical director for a picture on Haiti.

LENORE G. MARSHALL (*No Boundary*) is the author of two Macmillan novels, *Only The Fear* and *Hall of Mirrors*. She has contributed poems to many magazines and is presently working on a collection of her own verse.

LUDWIG VON MISES (*Inflation And You*) is known to economists as head of the famous group of "Austrian economists." His lectures and seminars at the University of Vienna, and later at the Graduate School of International Studies in Geneva, attracted students from all parts of the world.

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY (*Asia For The Asiatics?*), who now writes a daily syndicated column for the New York *Sun*, lived in the Far East for more than twelve years. He is the author of *The Tinderbox of Asia* and other works on that part of the world.

DEXTER HOYT TEED (*Cutten of Colgate*), Colgate '24, has been teacher, reporter, NEA feature writer, director of journalism and publicity at Colgate from 1932 to 1940, founder of an experimental newspaper, football writer and publicity man, mystery story novelist, short story and radio writer.



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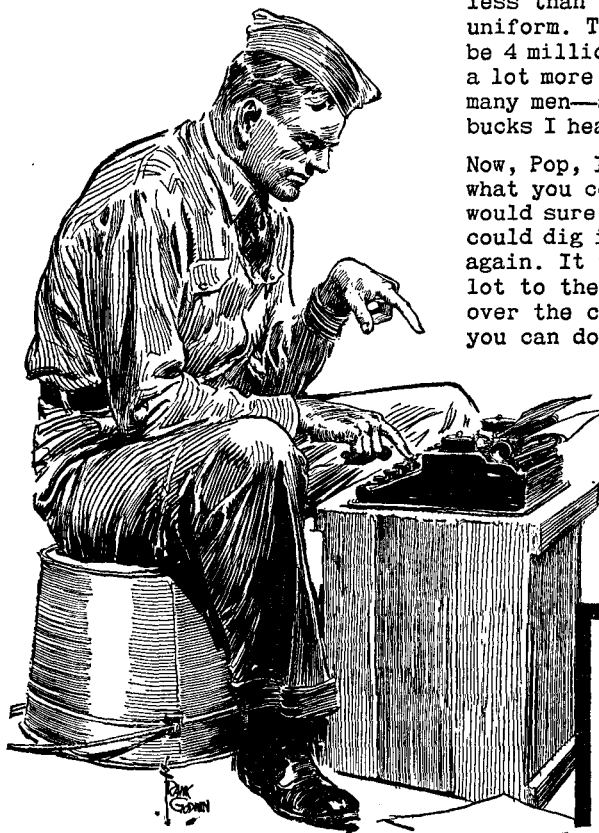
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But, Pop, last year there was less than 2 million of us in uniform. This year there'll be 4 million. And the USO needs a lot more dough to serve that many men—around 32,000,000 bucks I hear.

Now, Pop, I know you upped with what you could last time. But it would sure be swell if you could dig into the old sock again. It will mean an awful lot to the fellows in camp all over the country. See what you can do, huh, Pop?

Bill

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